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The Pacific.

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Contributions.

A Flash Sermon.

BY REV. P. S. KNIGHT.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." (Psalm, lv: 6.) "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." What a sad mistake it is to suppose that high position—wealth, power, social prominence, any or all of the positions or possessions that men covet—can ensure comfort and peaceful enjoyment. After all, what have the great and sore labors of the ages done to bring contentment to those engaged in them?

Come and see this unhappy Psalmist-King. He sits in his chair of state surrounded by guards and servants, by plenty, elegance and security. He becomes weary with the round of questions presented by wise counsellors, debated problems of government. Messengers come and go, one with a suit, another with a complaint, another with an evil report. Hours are consumed in this way, and perplexity and weariness follow. Courtiers and counsellors are dismissed. In his gorgeous apartments the king tries to abandon himself to repose. But questions will not depart with those who ask them, nor doubts and fears with those who instill them. Into that guarded palace, before the king's face, there come rebellious disturbances, jealousies, threatenings—an army of tormenting thoughts.

To escape from these he seeks the house-top, a favorite place for prayer and meditation. His feet are heavy as they rise the marble steps. His brow is clouded and his heart is like lead. From the house-top his eye sweeps over the city, and the view only makes more vivid some of the troubling thoughts. The wilderness of houses that lies before him is only a reminder of his greatest cares. Remembering reports he has heard and sights that he has seen, he writes in the psalm he is composing: "I have seen in the city violence and strife. Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof: mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it. Deceit and guile depart not from her streets." At last he seeks refuge in prayer. The psalm he is composing is a prayer:

"Give ear unto my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my supplication. Attend unto me and hear me: I mourn in my complaint and make a noise; because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me. My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me."

While this prayer is being written a storm is gathering on the horizon, and the king sees in it a symbol of the conflicts that trouble him. From the house-tops far and near, warned of the approaching tempest, the doves are taking wing. The eye of the king follows some of these as they seek the shelter of the forest. Their white wings bear them so lightly and swiftly away, until, as lessening specks, they drop into the friendly shelter of the trees. Then the king sighs audibly again:

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."

And so it is with men from the lowest to the highest round in the ladder—troubled and restless. The shepherd boy whose crook is his scepter, whose trusting flock are his obedient subjects, whose carpet is the green meadow, and his palace dome the overarching sky, imagines it were well to be a king. The king looks back from his barren, wind-swept heights of power, and longs for the shepherd life again—longs for the solitude and the quiet of the wilderness, and even for doves' wings to bear him there.

And between the shepherd boy and the king there are a thousand grades of aspiration and unrest. While one is longing for wings to fly up to the heights of power, another is longing for pinions to bear him away from the cares of wealth and position. What, then, is our life? Is it a mere alternation of glowing aspirations and vain regrets? Is it of necessity true, as Rich-ter has said, that in youth the rainbows are before us, and in age behind—that in youth we have hope, and in age only memory to cheer us? Is it not possible that we miss too often the best meaning of this unrest—that our aims are too low rather than too high—that the best is always before us and not behind? An observing Frenchman has said that one half of life is spent in hesitation and the other half in repentance. If this be so, is it not because of the same mistake—that we do not aim right—that we fall short of the true object of aspiration? We set ourselves to gain what we call an end, not realizing that there is an end here. The result is that when we are at the end we more than half wish ourselves back at the beginning, for there is a higher consciousness in us that all these things are means and not ends—that they are stepping-stones to some higher and better end beyond them all. And it is not so much in our aspirations and acquisitions that we sin as in our doubts and regrets.

Lot's wife sinned in looking back, and he who looked back was pronounced not fit for the kingdom. "Say not that the former days were better than these," or that childhood and youth are better than old age. Look forward still, for Paradise is there!

But what is this we hear on the house-top? O Psalmist-King, what is this thou sayest? Pleasest thou for doves' wings? No, no! It is only a momentary thought, for thou hast wings, and already hast thou flown further and better than the doves to thy place of rest. On wings of thought hast thou flown—on wings of poetry and song—on the holy, buoyant wings of PRAYER. "Give ear unto my prayer, O God!" How the soul that prays wings its way beyond all storm and danger! And other souls have found these psalms a solace—have risen on these buoyant songs and prayers above the storms that troubled them. Thousands, of other ages and strange languages, have risen to places of rest and peace on the song-wings of that Hebrew king who in a dark hour sighed for "wings like a dove."

And is it not enough for thee, O Friend, that thou hast thought, reason, imagination—that thou mayest have faith and hope, and through these dwell with God? DREAMEST thou of wings to fly with, and of some resting place on this poor earth, when PRAYER is thine, and the WORD is thine, and the SPIRIT and GOD are thine? Hast thou never heard the promise to those who "wait on the Lord"? "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." The mother bird is a tender mother so long as her brood is callow. But when their wings are grown she pushes them rudely from the nest. They must learn to fly ere the winter comes, and to learn they must take the wing.

How long shall we keep our half-fledged wings of prayer and song hanging idly at our sides? The winter comes apace, the time of care and pain, when rude influences will push us from the nest, when only such influences as these can lift us above pain and care. Then, if we can only fly! But we must learn, we must launch forth—we must sing and pray—we must fly if we would learn how small the world appears when faith and hope have lifted one above its narrow aims and transitory cares. Hearst thou not, O weary soul, the call of Him who cries, "Come unto me and REST?" Dost thou ask wings to fly to Him who is EVERYWHERE? Were the "wings of the morning" thine, what couldst thou find but HIM—above, below, on land or sea? The wings of prayer are thine, and these, if thou do but move them, will bear thee to thy resting place in Him!

Salem, Oregon, Feb. 1st, 1880.

Tour in Chan Tung Province, China.
BY REV. H. D. PORTER M.D.

Wednesday we went—I for the first time—to Chih Chia Fang, the village of the now historic temple. It was a lovely day, warm and bright. We went seven miles southeast. Arriving at the east end of the village, we are at the temple, conspicuous now for the large wooden tablet over the gateway, in rich Chinese gilt letters, "Jesus Chapel," replacing the old inscription to Buddha. Just across the road is a ditch, now filled in, into which the sixty gods were tossed after the famine, and buried one dark night. The summer rains have washed off the upper dust in one or two places. We could see the mud and straw of these gods now melting into the earth, which the people are pleased to call "spirit mud," or "divine mud." Dust to dust, mud to mud!

Not the slightest opposition or hindrance to this change has appeared. The temple has a wall ten feet high, enclosing a rectangular space 50 feet by 200. Within the gateway is a small court, before the first or outer temple. A large, old iron bell, with Buddhist phrases cast in it, rests on the ground in the court. We pass around this outer into a large square court, at the west end of which is the main temple building; while on either side are two or three small rooms, the residence now of the chapel-keeper and our Chinese helper, Mr. Hu. We enter the first temple. Here the idols were stored when the rear temple was dedicated—that hot June day when my friend A. H. Smith fell sick. Quaint figures of dancing sprites, Buddhist mummies, still adorn the walls. They are odd enough to amuse the school boys who are to have it for their school room. Two large sketches of genii startle one from the rear walls—traditional symbols, perchance, of the beginning of human life in the Buddhist Eden.

The larger temple is wholly Christianized. Its pillars in the porch supporting the roof are newly painted red, and the porch cornice looks neat in its blue and crimson. Within is a room some 40 feet long and 18 feet wide. The walls are whitewashed; the pillars stained in crimson. Maps of the world, of Palestine and of Paul's travels adorn the walls. The wooden frames which supported the heavy mud images have been made into twenty or thirty benches; and the old wooden stool, or incense altar, has shrunk into a convenient desk or preaching table.

This one building must have cost \$1,000; and the rest of the enclosure and lands belonging thereto make the whole worth \$2,500. Quite a gift, out of hand, to these "foreign devils," with their strange notions, new theories of life, and god-bringing proclivities. Mr. Carlyle might say: "The old cob-webby practices and demon-worshipping dubieties have now gone to the spiders and the eternal nightmares themselves."

A week later we were there again. There were 35 men, 11 women and some children at the service, and still many of our members were absent. What could be more impressive to one who had only heard of the transformation! That old temple, no longer a cave of devils, a snuggery for all dark mummeries and superstition, but a church of the living God. And those fifty souls, not coming one by one to burn a stick of incense or a sheet of yellow paper, idly thinking that to be worship; but coming with one heart to sing and to pray and listen attentively to a native pastor. It was enough to make an old missionary grow hopeful in the midst of despondency, and to make a young one determine never to grow slack in faith or courage in this service. You can imagine that we three—for teacher Hsu was with us—spoke with great gladness and earnestness of Christ's blessed work for men, and urged drawing near to him who is ever near to us.

After examining seven for admission to the church in another village the week previous, we came and had a very glad meeting again, some two weeks after the meeting above described. These seven I was my happy privilege to baptize into the blessed name. Neither the church members nor ourselves saw good reason for further postponement. This is the village where Smith baptized eight, two Sundays preceding.

When Smith and I came to China, seven years ago, only one person had been baptized in this region; and in 1869, only 68 in connection with the Tientsin station. Now there have been baptized by missionaries of this station alone, 385. Once in a while it is pleasant to reckon converts numerically. But I don't consider that very healthy work. Real results are never numerical.

The following Tuesday we visited a village six miles west of us, at Peach Flower tavern. Some people think that Chinese names are wooden. How does such a name compare with Deadwood or You Bet? We found here a reading man, a recent inquirer. A man of curious history had taught him something of the truth. Said man had been a Buddhist priest for a long time; then had tried a turn at being a Taoist priest. We saw in the village a fine, large temple that had been built through the begging efforts of this man. He had clothed himself in rags, put a large yoke on his neck, and dragged a heavy weight from house to house and from place to place until he had secured the requisite amount, equal to four or five thousand dollars. He was not unlike a specimen I saw on the road with an iron rod two feet long thrust through both cheeks.

After this feat of the exiprhit, he renounced his secluded life, his vows, etc., and married a wife. He keeps a temple still, but is a full believer in the Jesus doctrine, though not baptized. I saw him weeping the other day, while our helper was preaching. Our host this day had been taught by the quondam priest. We went into his household chapel, a small room with many scrolls well written upon the walls. All the idols had been taken away and burned. The New Testament now adorns the table which once bore incense for the god. The family tablets had all been destroyed. The grandson of the man repeated the Lord's prayer and two chapters of the catechism, and the wife of our host did the same. We thought that a good beginning even though the work of a quondam priest.

We soon had a yard filled with people. We sat in the sunshine of a pleasant December day, and talked for two hours to a noisy yet interested crowd. Next day we found our new friend with several of his neighbors at one of our regular meetings. He brought a second invitation to us to visit his village regularly once a week. * * * It is pleasant to see how the sense of fear and reluctance to be near a foreigner has passed into the opposite. At our morning service, the last Sabbath before my return to Tientsin, 50 persons were present. After that service, 17 persons were presented who wished to be examined for the church. My homeward ride to Tientsin gave me plenty of time to think of the work going on, and to look forward with renewed hopefulness respecting the progress of the work.

December, 1879.

Sabbath-School Lesson.
PREPARED BY REV. R. G. JONES D.D.

Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 29th, 1880—Matt. vi: 24-34.

Full Trust in God's Providence.

No man can serve two masters.—In the verses before this Christ had been advising his hearers not to lay up for themselves treasures on earth, but rather in heaven, because the heart is always with its treasure. If our Father is in heaven, it is evident that our heart ought to be with him, since it is our duty to love him with our whole heart. This cannot be done if we have elsewhere ob-

jects of affection. As a man cannot love two objects supremely, so he cannot serve two masters at one and the same time. When their demands and commands differ from each other, the man who has treasures for himself, treasures on earth, will have so much care about the increase, safety, exhibition or enjoyment of his treasure that he will have no time to spare to serve God. Men of the world, so-called, are more consistent than many professing Christians. They give themselves entirely to the world; their portion is in this life, and they devote themselves entirely to its service and enjoyment. But many professing Christians try to serve the Lord, while they are hardly less anxious about and devoted to the world than if they had nothing to do with religion. But the question naturally arises: Why should using a world which God has created be inconsistent with accepting a religion which the same God has revealed? I reply that it is not. But the mistake is, that men foolishly make the world which God has created for our use and service our master. In our desire to become sole and independent owners of things over which God has made us agents, we overstep our limits, pass beyond our rights, and thus become slaves instead of masters. We exalt the things God created for our benefit to be our Gods.

Take no thought for your life.—We must never forget that our relation to God is that of children, and our relation to earthly things that of agents. Being his children, God will surely care for us and give us everything that he knows will do us good—everything we are capable of using for our own benefit and his glory. As agents, if our father does not entrust much to us, then we have not a great responsibility. But we may be assured that he will give us all we want, seeing that he has already given us much more than we shall ever need again. Our life or spirit is of greater value than all the food on earth. God has already given us life; he will surely therefore give us the means to sustain life, if we use it properly. Again: Our body is more valuable than all the clothing in the world. God has already given us the body; he will surely therefore give us enough to clothe the body with. Paul carries the argument still further. "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Is it not very inconsistent in us to pretend that we are going to entrust our souls and body to God for all eternity, and show every day that we are awfully afraid to trust our bodies alone to him now in time for a short season. Does not this prove that we have never known him as children ought to know their Father? That we have not that confidence in him we ought to have?

Behold the fowls of the air.—Christ had come here to reveal the Father, to reconcile us to him, to cause us to know him and have full, implicit confidence in him. Therefore, after telling his disciples how much God had done for them and all mankind already, he comes to another comparison or illustration, showing the fulness of God's care over inferior creatures which seem to be of very little value, and which men always seek to destroy—even the fowls of the air. Suppose that a farmer were one day at his barn door, throwing out corn freely to his feathered stock, and his child by him crying and saying: "I fear I will starve of hunger. None will care for me." Would not the father answer: "My child, don't you see how careful I am of every little fowl about the house. I feed them every one. But I value you more than all these together. Surely, then, I will take care of you." Child of God, if ever you are tempted to despair, think of the countless millions which are daily fed by your Father, some of them very useless and injurious, like the young lions and young ravens. He loves you more than all the creatures that inhabit the globe. Christ died for you, not for them. He will give you, therefore all that you need for your benefit and sustenance.

Which of you by taking thought.—What benefit will you get by worry and anxiety? You may grieve all day, but you will not grow an inch taller by all your vexation of spirit. It will not put one dollar in your pocket or one loaf on your table. Therefore, your wisest plan is to be content with your lot, and believe that you are now just what your father sees best for you to be.

Why take ye thought of raiment?—Do you see others dressing much better than you? Do you think that proves that God prefers them to you? There is not the least ground for such a supposition. You have heard of Solomon, how wise, how rich, and how much he did for the honor of God in building that great temple in Jerusalem. Yet he was never clothed so beautifully as God clothes every year the comparatively useless flower that grew plentifully within his dominions—the lily. Now, if God clothes that flower, which is good for nothing but to be looked at for a short time, do you think he will not adorn you all that you can bear without exciting your pride or the envy of others? Don't trouble yourselves, therefore, about food and clothing. That is the distinguishing work, the peculiar work, of the ungodly, whose portion is in this world, whose God

is their belly, and whose treasure is all upon earth.

Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.—He implanted that need in your constitution, and at the same time pledged himself to satisfy your wants. He will surely give you food and clothing and everything necessary, as far as is consistent with your highest interests and the salvation of your soul.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—Your soul and its salvation is of so much more importance than your body; the things of eternity are so much superior to the things of time, that they should by all means have the precedence. This is the best way to secure the things we need on earth, for thus we become God's children, and pledge him to care for our temporal as well as our spiritual affairs. "All these things shall be added unto you." The history of Israel in the Old Testament proves that the Lord always provided abundantly for the wants of his people when they were faithful in his service; and those who have tried him under the new dispensation have proved that he is true to his promise.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow.—Be not anxious about to-morrow. We may and should prepare in many ways for to-morrow, when we can. But if we find that, after doing our best, we are unprepared for to-morrow; if, after a life of toil in the service of Jesus, we find that we have no provision for old age, don't let that trouble you. If you must end your days in poverty, you need not go and meet that trouble now. It will be quite enough to suffer poverty and want when they come. The evil that you now meet is quite enough at present. You need not draw upon yourself the evil of twenty years hence. If that will come—"my grace will be sufficient for thee, my strength shall be perfected in weakness."

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Letter from Mrs. Davis.

[The following letter, although not from one of our own workers, will be full of interest to all. It shows some of the hard and dangerous phases of missionary life, and is charmingly written, by Mrs. Davis, of the Western Turkey mission.]

DEAR FRIENDS: I write you "with a sword in one hand and a pen in the other," or would do so, if I had either sword or pistol. Alas! the one I never had, and of the other I have only the empty case left. The weapon, unfortunately, graced at present the girdle of a brave Circassian who, with his own revolver at my breast, tore mine from my side yesterday morning about nine o'clock. We have met with many adventures since we left Broussa. One of our first troubles was the road. It led us directly over a high range of mountains, and tongue or pen cannot describe its "bumpiness." Part of the time we were at an angle of forty-five degrees above the horses; part of the time they towered at the same angle above us, and between spells we were out scrambling on our own legs as best we could.

In the afternoon the Doctor [the writer's husband] was attacked with sickness, induced by the severe shaking he had received, and for some time he suffered severely. But we crawled along, and were thankful to reach our resting-place for the night. The next day (Thursday) was a repetition of the first, minus illness. The weary mountains, steeper than ever, were before us. At noon we camped in a village by a stream, and while eating our lunch two Circassians drove up and dismounted near us. One was a bad-looking fellow—ferce, with blood-shot eyes, and keen, cruel face. He was heavily armed, with two pistols by his side, one slung across his back, a curved sword on one side, and directly in front of his belt hung a large modern revolver. They looked us all over, and spoke concerning us to the Turks around, and, finally, the one I have described lay down and took a nap. They were up and off before us, but we saw them again under some trees, just as we began the ascent of the last peak of the range. Over this mountain I rode on Mr. Bartlett's servant's horse, with the pistol "I had fought to win" [she had insisted on having one before they left, thought it best not to show any arms] strapped to my side.

While we were climbing slowly up, all the wagons near each other, our Circassians re-appeared, but soon passed out of sight, and we toiled on thinking no more of them. We got to our halting-place, the name of which I do not know, about six p. m.—very tired, and slept hard all night. Friday morning we felt better, and very cheerful, for there was only one little hill between us and the long-expected and earnestly-hoped-for "good road."

We started in good spirits, the luggage-wagons ahead, Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Chamberlain in the native wagon next, Mrs. Bartlett, the Doctor, the two children and myself in the carriage. After riding a short distance the Doctor took off the noted pistol and gave it to me, as

the straps hurt him. I put it on, and we went on our way singing some of the Moody and Sankey hymns.

As we were going down our last hill, which was quite steep, and full of sharp turns, the wagons ahead passed out of sight round a corner. At that moment I heard a shout behind, and looking back, saw two figures crouching behind a bush. I thought at first they were boys; but a second shout, and the blue gleam of a gun-barrel in the sun told the story without the Doctor's "Stop, Mr. Bartlett, for God's sake! They are leveling a gun at us." At the same instant three men sprang through the bushes at our side—one to the horses heads, one to Mr. Bartlett, and one to me. Two others came up from behind, and the one with the gun sprang to the Doctor, while two more began to drag the goods from the wagon.

For a moment I could see nothing but the barrels of the pistols and the swords, with the fierce eyes behind. Mr. Bartlett called out loudly once, thinking to call the party ahead; but the man who had him put his pistol to his head. He yelled again, hoping to attract our drivers, when the robber snarled, like a dog, through his teeth, and struck his sword sharply against Mr. Bartlett's side. After that no noise was made.

The robbers spoke but once; then one told the man at the horses' heads to "pull, pull," meaning for him to cramp the horses so as to upset us. Mr. Bartlett begged them, in Turkish, not to hurt us or break the wagon, telling them that we would give up all we had, which we did, about as quickly as we could. The man who had me in charge was the only one of the six whose face was covered. He had a cloth wound round the lower part of his face, and only his eyes showed above; but they were enough, with their bloodshot, cruel glare, to reveal the Circassian of the previous day.

With his pistol close to my head, he grasped me by the front of the dress and seemed searching for something. In my haste to oblige him, I offered him my hat, which he politely knocked out of my hand. Then I offered him my watch, and the contents of my pocket, which consisted of a silver drinking-cup in its case. None of these would he have, but continued to pull at the sheet I had bound around me like a girdle [to support her from jolting].

At last he found what he wanted—the red tape around my waist. He wound his hand in it, and nearly dragged me from the carriage in his efforts to tear it off. I tried to help him unbuckle it; but whether he thought I was trying to hinder him, or that I was taking too much time, I do not know; but he raised his pistol, and pressing it to my breast, snarled through his teeth with a threatening sound.

I gave up the unbuckling at once, and raising the cover of the case tried to take the pistol out. He struck my hands down, and tore it out himself; took the cup he had before refused, and left me. In the meantime, the one with the gun punched the Doctor in the side with the barrel to hurry him up. He got out of his heavy winter overcoat, which he had on, very quickly, and gave it over. Then he took off his vest, and gave that, and the bags and bundles at his feet.

The two in the rear had taken everything out of the wagons by this time, and now they had all there was to get, and they told us to "git." In one little bag was all the Doctor's medicine for the journey. Mr. Bartlett begged for it, and one or two of them tumbled over the things as though looking for it; but time was precious, and our veiled Circassian again raised the long revolver, and glancing along its barrel said, "Git!" and we got.

All this took hardly three minutes, certainly not five. During the time, my poor children uttered no cry. They stood upright in the wagon, frozen with terror, and moaning softly. The only thing I am conscious of saying was, "Children, get under the seat"; thinking they would be safer if there were any firing.

As soon as the horses were started again, the dreadful terror of my children's faces told me that I must reassure them as quickly as possible. No words would come, and, half unconsciously, I began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," with a vague idea, I suppose, that the sound of it would quiet them more quickly than anything else. To an outside listener, had there been one, it would, no doubt, have sounded a trifle idiotic to give thanks for being robbed. But the dear Lord knew I was praising him for life preserved—the loss of goods was nothing.

I had just time to sing the four lines when we came in sight of the other wagons, I was screaming out at the top of my lungs, "We have been robbed! We have been robbed!" Then came the explanations, and counting up the losses. They took all the money Mr. Bartlett had, and his purse, and the traveling bag in which the funds for the trip were carried. The Doctor had on two vests, the under one white. He gave the dark one, which he thinks was empty, while in the white one he had several valuable articles, which, as they did not notice the vest, were saved.

They took Mrs. Bartlett's grey water- (Concluded on eighth page.)

Contributions.

The Relations of the Methodist and Congregational Denominations.

[A paper read by Rev. George Morris before the Congregational Club, San Francisco.]

The appointment to present this subject I accepted under protest, because I did not feel that I grasped the idea or intent of the brother who proposed it.

In introducing it, I would say that this topic gives great range, and admits of comparisons and contrasts. Ecclesiastically, Methodism and Congregationalism stand in contrast. In government, Methodism is Episcopal; Congregationalism, self-governing. That, an oligarchy; this, a democracy, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Whilst admitting the fact, and remarking upon its strangeness in a country like republican America, of so many people submitting to episcopacy; yet it is neither unfair, improper nor unnatural to assert that Congregationalism in its genius and government peculiarly and fittingly accords with the genius and government of our national character and institutions.

Doctrinally, the two systems stand, at least in some points, in marked contrast; but most denominations, or bodies of believers, including the Congregationalists, manifest general and decided tendencies to give diminished prominence to doctrinal contrasts, and enlarged prominence to those grand fundamental and essential doctrines in which we are mainly agreed.

PASTORATES.

In theory, the two systems stand in contrast in this: The Methodist theory is short pastorates, changed in many, perhaps most cases, every one or two years; and in no case extending over three years; whilst Congregationalists believe in long pastorates. Methodists sometimes say that our practice agrees with their theory, and that, taken altogether, our pastors change as frequently as theirs do. At first, I was willing to think that perhaps in California this might be so; but I have looked into this matter somewhat, and find from our last annual Minutes that out of 35 ministers at present engaged in our churches, 1 has ministered to his present charge over 16 years; 1, over 13; 1, nearly 10; 1, over 7; 1, 7; 3, over 5; 2, over 4; 1, nearly 4; 4, between 3 and 4; and 3, within a month or so of 3 years; or about 18 out of 35 with pastorates from about 8 years to over 16. In a new country like California, in such a mercurial, ever-changing state of things, such a showing appears to me to be very good indeed.

On this point, I remark that in some particulars our Methodist friends are tending strongly towards us. While their system is, "I say unto this one, go, and he goeth," it is known that, as a matter of fact, at least some of their ministers have virtual "calls" from churches which prove "effectual calls," and are accepted. In tending towards long pastorates, we see them approaching our ideal; although for the sake of their system, at least a short interval of change may or must intervene. I am willing to admit that their decided tendencies in these particulars towards Congregationalism are indications of increasing wisdom in them. And still another indication thereof is the number of their ministers who have sought and are seeking admission to our ranks. Whilst I am no advocate for running from one denomination to another, and would scrutinize, as far as possible, the motives for the change, I do say, let us show our wisdom and willingness to receive all that are properly qualified, and desire them to come. This relation of Methodism to Congregationalism I would cultivate.

COMITY.

An important relation between different branches of Christ's army is Comity. I believe that every community should have as many churches as they need and can support, and of the kind they prefer. But I think it a tremendous blunder, and very serious injury to the cause of Christ, to crowd half a dozen churches in different denominations into a place that cannot properly support more than one. It is far better to have one good, strong church that is a power for good than half a dozen weak, puny, starved churches. I do not see why comity should not be observed by the two branches of Christ's Church now under consideration as by others. In some parts of the foreign missionary field this comity is observed with the best results, and at the same time a great economy in money and labor. I believe it could be observed in California to the mutual advantage of both Methodists and Congregationalists; and were it my duty to do so, I would earnestly recommend steps having such comity in view.

PROBATION.

Whilst I do not believe in a six month's probation, or, indeed, in any probation whatever for those of whose sincere faith in Christ we are satisfied, yet I think good service might be done in many Congregational churches by having a class especially for the young, that I would not call a probation, but a preparatory class. Doubtless, many of the elder Sunday-school scholars would be willing to enter such a class, be much benefited by it, and, when ready to join the church, be able to do so with a fuller realization of what the step means. I feel increasingly that the young are our hope, and at present too many of them are drifting away. I have the impression that the Methodists look more closely after the young than some other denominations do.

Let me designate some points in which I think we may learn from the Methodists and wisely imitate them. My youthful years were largely spent among Methodists, and I have admired many things I saw in them. I think we may learn from and imitate their sincere devotion, fire, enthusiasm, zeal, perseverance and their liberal giving—the amounts might be small, but, given frequently, they become large sums. I do not dwell upon these

things; I merely indicate them, and think we could very wisely imitate them. I do not know that it would hurt us, perhaps it might do some of us much good, to imitate and hear their hearty "Amen!" "Praise God!" and "Hallelujahs!"

In drawing to a close, let me say that I do not feel satisfied with any fragmentary treatment of this subject, but in closing would remark that I think our relations can be summed up in a few words, viz., whenever there is not room for two churches, let that one remain that suits the desires of most of the residents, and let the other retire. Where there is room for two, let both labor together for the good of the community and the glory of God; and let us so live and labor as to show that we are worthy the name of brothers in the Gospel, and children of God through faith in Christ Jesus the Lord.

History of the Congregational Churches of Atahnum, Yakama City and Wenass, Washington Ter.

BY REV. M. EELLS.

A few Christian families having moved into this region previous to 1871, they desired some kind of Sabbath services for themselves. As there was no clergyman in the region, Deacon E. S. Tanner organized that year a Sabbath-school. After a time, a school-house was built. Most of the Sabbaths since, when he has been in the region, Deacon Tanner has taken his family and organ and superintended the Sabbath-school. In 1873, nine persons, without council or minister (as the nearest Congregational church and clergyman were eighty miles distant), banded together in faith and covenant as a church. Shortly afterwards, they elected a deacon (E. S. Tanner); and, as he said, "hardly knowing whether we had a right to," received two more members into their fellowship. A few months afterwards, in June of the same year, they sent their delegates to the Oregon Association, which met at The Dalles, their nearest neighboring church, asking that a council be held to extend to them the right hand of fellowship, which was done. From that time until 1879, they seldom had any Congregational preacher. Rev. C. Eells visited them a few times, but some years no Congregational minister even looked in on them, and but few of any denomination. Still the organization and Sabbath-school were sustained. In 1879, Rev. Dr. Atkinson visited them, when the church colonized, four of their members absent being dismissed in forming the church at Yakama City; but the next day their number was more than made good by the reception of five more. About the same time, in connection with the sister church, it secured the services of

REV. WILLIAM CAPPS

As pastor, whose ministrations they now enjoy. It now numbers eleven members, and plans to build a church. Never within the bounds of the Oregon and Washington Association, and probably never in any place, has a church been organized and sustained under such lonely circumstances—neither minister or church to aid in the organization, and the council, when called, was months afterwards and eighty miles distant; with an average of a Congregational sermon less than once a year, and swarming before they had a pastor. Such faith deserves success in the future.

YAKAMA CITY.

In 1871, Dea. James Kesling, who was one of the early members of the Atahnum church, began a Sabbath-school at this place, and the next year it was regularly organized, he being elected superintendent. This has been continued by himself and a few co-laborers ever since. It has been the main religious light of the region, and has been held in the Court House for the past four or five years. There has been about as little Congregational preaching here as at Atahnum, but there has been some by other denominations. In the spring of 1879, some of the older scholars became Christians, and, on consultation, it was thought best to organize a church. Dr. Atkinson visited them, held several services, and on April 27, 1879, it was organized with sixteen members, twelve of them joining on profession of faith. In connection with the Atahnum church, it now enjoys the services of Rev. Mr. Capps as pastor; numbers twenty-five members, only six of whom have joined by letter; and is planning to erect a church at home.

WENASS CHURCH.

This was organized by Rev. D. B. Gray and Rev. Wm. Capps, in September or October, 1875, during a visit of the former to the region, and the latter was chosen pastor. Eight persons united in the organization, and four more united the same afternoon. Its history is, consequently, in the future. Joseph Taylor is their first deacon, and Charles Longmire, their clerk.

The Mother of Long Ago.

Passing out of a Sunday-school, and on my way home, I noticed a boy whistling all the way home. I was reminded of an incident that occurred when I was a boy. I was whistling on a Sunday, when my mother said to me: "It is wrong to whistle on Sunday." I did not question the statement, but stopped, as I have since stopped when thinking of my mother's condemnation of it. I sometimes wonder what mothers now think of it, as some of their sons are accustomed to indulge in it, whistling as on other days.

Another incident: I was conversing with an English gentleman not long ago, when he said he asked his mother if he had not better join a temperance organization before leaving home. She replied, "No"; as she and his father had used spirits all their lives without injury. On his passage over, he had for companions two neighbors who belonged to the order at home. He had taken several bottles of spirits along with him, and noticing they were being emptied, he accused his

companions of being the cause. They did not deny it, but begged him not to expose them. Moral: If he had joined the order, he would not have placed the temptation in their way, and might have been an active man here in the order, and in the church or congregation, instead of only attending service in the evening in an indifferent manner. I often think he will wake up to his need of salvation only in the night of life, when too late. Oh, mothers! what a responsibility rests upon you!

Twigs from the Temperance Tree.

Temperance shall flourish in our land like the green bay tree, until the deadly upas tree of strong drink be utterly rooted out.

"A drunkard is not profitable for any kind of good service." (Plato.)

Shakespeare says: "Great men should drink with harness on their throats." Might he not better have said they should not drink at all?

"Temperance is a bride of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man." (Burton.)

"Drunkness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which who-soever hath, hath not himself; which who-soever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin." (Augustine.)

"The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon that subject." (Saville.)

"Temperance keeps the senses clear and unembarrassed, and makes them seize the object with more keenness and satisfaction. It appears with life in the face and decorum in the person; it gives you the command of your head, secures your health, and preserves you in a condition for business." (Jeremy Collier.)

"These temperance folks do crowd us awfully," sings an old toper. Yes; and we intend to keep right on crowding you and your kind, Sir Toper, until you are pushed to the wall, and there is no place left in society for you; and until our inebriate asylums are closed for want of occupants, and our jails, almshouses and kindred institutions have lost half of their tenants.

"Not only has Solomon, in his wisdom, pointed out the evils which attend those who tarry long at the wine, but all the precepts and denunciations against drunkenness which are recorded in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, are directed against the inordinate drinkers of wine. Let us refer them to that sacred volume, with the hope that it may guide them to salutary contrition and penitential sorrow." (Hodgkin.)

"Drunkness is the great vice of the time; and by drunkenness I mean not only gross drunkenness, but also tipping, drinking excessively and immoderately; avoid those companies that are given to it; come not into those places that are devoted to that beastly vice, namely, taverns and ale-houses. Avoid and refuse those devices that are used to occasion it, as drinking and pledging of healths. Be resolute against it; and when your resolution is once known, you will seldom, if ever, be solicited to it." (Sir Matthew Hale.)

"The New York School Board has authorized the use of temperance textbooks in the public schools. We see great possibilities from this step in the metropolis of America. The moral effect is inestimable. That this could be accomplished in the largest city in the United States, with every force in opposition, proves that there is no place which cannot and may not be reached. Time, tact, patience and faith will compass the object of the introduction of the temperance text-books everywhere." ("Our Union.")

"A large firm in one of our interior towns lately paid \$13,000 to their employees. Of \$10,000 spent upon the spot, two-thirds was paid into the saloons. Only think, that for the support of wives and families, in food, clothing, house-rent, etc., only one-half as much should be used as was paid for guzzling at the saloons! When will men love their wives and families more and better than they do beer?" ("The Trumpet.")

To rescue perishing drunkards, and make them once more a blessing to their suffering families, is to do Christ's work among Christ's poor. As intemperance is the greatest vice of the age, working a worse and wider ruin than anything else known to history, the nearest and most imperative duty of the Church is to stop the traffic and save its numberless victims. If this is a true test of discipleship, how few are the true disciples of the Master!

The late Dr. Guthrie of Scotland was once maintaining the proposition that everything in the world had its uses, and was good in its place. A gentleman present, knowing that the Doctor was a firm teetotaler, asked him how he would apply that to whisky. "Why," said he, "there is nothing like whisky for preserving a man when he is dead; but, on the other hand, it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a live man. It kills the living and keeps the dead. The only trouble is that many of the living don't understand this distinction and use whisky at the wrong time. They should wait till they are dead."

Dr. Finkenburg, professor of medicine and member of the Prussian commission of public health, says that in Prussia one person in every 450 is insane, and the cause is chiefly the abuse of alcoholic drinks.

The announcement of the discovery of a formula for making artificial diamonds, by a Glasgow chemist, Mr. James Mac-tear, turns out to be premature. A thorough examination of the crystals in question demonstrated that they were not diamonds, and that ended the matter. It is now merely claimed that, should chemists be successful in this direction, the results will be crystals as small as grains of sand, valuable only in the arts and manufactures.

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Notes, secured by mortgages worth double the amount loaned - \$1,462,735 68
Notes, Personal securities - 10,885 00
Bonds - 99,206 66
Real estate - 63,828 39
Cash on hand - 67,517 31
Due from Banks - 67,514 00
Miscellaneous - 1,704 34
\$1,772,991 38

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1810 SEVENTIETH 1880

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—OF THE—

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—OF—

HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital, \$1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT, Jan. 1, 1880.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash Items, - \$364,191 36
Cash in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission, - 241,695 57
Rents and Accrued Interest, - 31,876 72
Real Estate Unencumbered, - 630,175 60
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first lien), - 773,324 40
Bank Stock (market value), - 969,811 00
Railroad Stocks, - 117,800 00
State, City and Railroad Bonds, - 326,654 25
United States Bonds, - 273,492 00
\$3,456,020 90

SUMMARY.

Reserve for Re-insurance, - \$1,110,620 26
All Outstanding Claims, - 159,992 46
Net surplus as regards policy-holders over all liabilities, - 2,185,399 18
\$3,456,020 90

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The Household.

ALLOW FOR THE CRAWL.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

You have often, no doubt, had occasion to note, Though the garment at first seemed certain to please, That after some wearing, the sleeve of your coat Toward the shoulder was crawling by easy degrees; And that's what the clothier, of course, had in mind When he said to the customer, "Long? Not at all; The sleeve is just right, as you'll presently find— In cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

The expression was one wholly new to me then; But set me to thinking how well it applies Not merely to coats, but to women and men, In matters of life as they daily arise. Consider the shrinkage in human affairs— The promise, how great; the performance, how small! And, lest disappointment should come unawares, Remember the sleeve, and "allow for the crawl!"

The statesman who asks for your ballot to save Our country, so rashly imperiled to-day, May covet an office and not be a knave, Whatever the fierce opposition may say; But the "platform" to which he so valiantly clings, By which he proposes to stand or to fall— Resolutions, remember, are slippery things, And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

You are deeply in love with the sweetest of girls, Whose presence the height of your happiness brings; She looks like a queen in her beautiful curls, Like a seraph she smiles, like a siren she sings! Ah! splendid and vast are the fancies of youth, But down to plain facts they must finally fall; And happy the couple, who, finding the truth, In conjugal kindness "allow for the crawl!"

In brief, recollect that in human affairs, In social connections, in travel and trade, In courtship and marriage, in sermons and prayers, Some grains of concession must always be made. In fine, be a prudent though generous man; Unfriendly to none, and venacious with all; Believe in your neighbors as much as you can, But always be sure to "allow for the crawl!"

A Man that Was not to be Bought.

Six or eight years since, in one of the towns of Eastern Massachusetts, there was a Mr. D., a livery-stable keeper, about whom I once had the opportunity of learning the following fact. Among his many other good habits, one was never to suffer his own feet or his horses' feet to tread profanely on the Sabbath day. The illustrative fact referred to was this:

On a certain Sabbath morning three gentlemen from Boston, putting up with their wives at the village hotel, said to their host that they would go to Mr. D. and get three single-horse buggies, and take each his wife and go to the camp-meeting, about six miles off.

"It will be of no use," said the host, "for Mr. D. never lets his horses on the Sabbath."

"I never saw the man yet that money would n't buy," rejoined one of the party.

So they went and rang the bell at Mr. D.'s door. Mr. D. himself answered the call, and invited them in; to whom he said, after they had made known their errand:

"Gentlemen, I should be glad to accommodate you, but it is against my principles to let my horses go for hire on the Sabbath day."

"How much do you usually have a day for your single horses?" asked the gentleman who was the chief speaker.

"Two dollars and a half a day, usually," answered Mr. D.

"Well, then," returned the gentleman, "here are three five-dollar bills; please take them and let your man harness the horses, and we will go away very quietly and will return just after dusk, and without noise."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. D., "I can only repeat what I have already said, that it is against my principles to hire out my horses on God's day, and I must persist in declining your very liberal offer."

At this the chief speaker on the other side stepped up closer to the sturdy Sabbath-keeper and, slipping into his hand a bright-looking bill, said to him,

"There, Mr. D., take that, and let your man quietly harness the horses for us."

The tempted one, looking down at what was thus thrust into his hand, saw that it was a new one-hundred-dollar bill on a Boston bank, a glittering prize; but without hesitating a moment, and evidently without any inward struggle with the spirit of greed, he calmly but emphatically said:

"Gentlemen, my principles in this matter are fixed, and should you bring me all the money in the city of Boston it would not alter them. If you would like to attend worship our bell is now ringing, and I should be most happy to show you a seat, but I cannot let my horses go on the Sabbath," and he handed back the bill.

As the baffled tempter took the rejected money he also looked at Mr. D. admiringly in the face, and, stretching out his hand toward him, said:

"I want to shake hands with you, Mr. D.; I have sometimes heard of such men as you are, but I never saw one before."

Likewise said they all, and each of the other two shook hands with him, expressing also their pleasure, and adding that before they returned to Boston they would like a supply of his cards that they might know whom to direct their friends and acquaintances to as they visited the village. And as the secular week opened all these gentlemen returned repeatedly to Mr. D.'s stable to obtain horses and car-

riages for their pleasure, thus testifying in the most express manner their approbation of his conscientious and unswerving conduct. And so will it be in all ordinary cases where Christians are punctilious in matters of professed principle, scrupulous on points of worldly conformity, high-minded, resolute, and incorruptible on all questions of duty.

To be not only true to ourselves, but also useful to others, are among the reasons for which God has called us to his kingdom and glory. As says our chief English poet,

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not."

Or, as says the greatest One of all, "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all there are in the house."—[Rev. J. G. Hall.]

Principle More than Position.

In 1818 an English Episcopal minister, at the close of a brilliant and much applauded life, sent for a neighboring clergyman, and said to him, "I am about to die, and I am unprepared." The two ministers read their Bibles together and prayed. The invalid died in peace, and the visitor received from the scene an impression that influenced his whole life. He resolved to devote himself wholly to the service of God, and that with such humility and self-forgetful zeal that any event in life would find him prepared. That visitor was Henry Francis Lyte, the author of the well-known hymns, beginning, "Jesus, my cross have taken," and

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." He relinquished all selfish ambitions, and accepted a curacy on the wild coast of Devon, where he might work for Christ among the poor. He gathered here a large Sunday-school from the sea-faring populations, preached to the sailors, and devoted himself, with a self-consuming zeal to the humble duties that met him on every hand.

He was removed from the society of the great and the learned, yet he was very happy. At the age of twenty-eight, when reaping a rich harvest from his work among sailors, he found his health giving way and his strength failing. He had desired to write something by which his influence in the Church of Christ might live. For this he prayed and his prayer was answered. He wrote "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," after he had administered the communion to his people for the last time.

He went to France. There at Nice, with the purple sky above him, and the blue Mediterranean spread out before him, he lived a short time, when the message from the future world came to him and found him prepared.

He had regarded the work of Christ as more than position, but his experience became to him a source of poetic inspiration which has caused his name to be honored in all Christian lands.—[Youth's Companion.]

The Power of Sympathy.

Once I knew a workingman, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give color in the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental Scotchman, but never went he home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him.

The workmen made curious little jars and tea-cups upon their wheels, and painted dimmutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you, seriously, that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lowly house, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on; most of them gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—[Sunday-School Times.]

We need to keep fixed times and appointed rounds of observance as truly as to be in holy impulse; to have prescribed periods in duty as truly as to have a spirit of duty; to be in the drill of observance as well as in the liberty of faith.—[Horace Bushnell.]

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—[Socrates.]

The Welsh Pulpit.

The Bible is the one book of the Welsh people. Its contents are memorized by its youth generally. Some have been known, within a recent period, to have committed to memory the whole book, from Genesis to Revelation. Many commit large portions from every book of the Bible. The evenings are spent in Wales by young men—members of churches and those who are not—in discussing theology, prominent characteristics of the leading characters of the Bible, etc.

This fact makes the Welsh pulpit the one great attraction of that peculiarly religious people. Their preachers are their idols. Nowhere in the world does the preacher sway his hearers with the sceptre of regal power as in the principality of Wales. Wherein lies the secret of this power in the Welsh pulpit, should be an interesting question to the thousands of the clerical readers of this journal. A careful study of this question yields this simple answer: It is in its realistic element. Like the Hebrew prophets, like the Master himself, who taught the people "as having power" (not authority), the Welsh preacher makes real, living, concrete, the doctrine he seeks to teach. There is no doubt that the Welsh language, like the Hebrew, is peculiarly fitted for the expression of religious truth. And a peculiar union, called a *hwytl*, stirs the heart of the Welsh people. But independent of both these facts, the above element in Welsh preaching is the hiding of its power.

Examples of this power might be adduced *ad libitum*. One of the most celebrated instances was that which occurred in the ministry of the silver-tongued John Elias, who flourished in the beginning of the present century, and who, before he was seven years of age, had read the Bible from Genesis to the book of Jeremiah. At an annual association of the Welsh Presbyterians, to which denomination he belonged, Mr. Elias preached from Ps. xxi: 12. And having, by his inimitable realistic power, made the people forget everything but God's preparation to punish his enemies, he adroitly made a bow of his left arm, using his handkerchief for the string, and the forefinger of his right hand for an arrow, which he aimed at the center of the congregation—20,000 people being before him. The crowd instinctively made way for the arrow, and when the preacher dropped his handkerchief, hundreds fainted and fell to the ground.

Do not we, the American clergy, make too little of this confessedly great element of pulpit power? The names that have adorned the Welsh pulpit have scarcely been excelled—such as Christ-nas Evans, the great master of the parabolic art; Charles of Bala, to whom the world owes the first suggestion of a Bible Society; Williams of Wren, author of the hymn of which "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!" is a translation; Howell Harris, the great Welsh reformer and originator of the institution now known as Trevecca College, the Welsh Presbyterian Theological Seminary in South Wales. In each and all of these giant preachers the realistic element predominated.—[Homiletic Monthly.]

Bright Things.

The wheels of a clock always travel in cog.

Artemus Ward said of the Mormons: "Their religion is singular; but their wives are plural."

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

When he is twenty-one, the boy is said to have outgrown the switch, but that is just the age a girl begins to need one.

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover.

"No, sir," he replied, "only in your farewell."

Some people assert that they have seen a horse *draw*, a bell *pull*, a lump of coal *smoke*, a rail *run*, a bun *dance*, and a wheel *write*.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know; but I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

The recently published report of an Irish benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

"Bright Eyes" the Ponca maiden, has a certain reservation in her manner, and, as it is believed to be an Indian reservation, it is only a question of time when the Government will find excuse to seize it.

"What does the minister say of our new burying-ground?" asked Mrs. Himes of her neighbor. "He doesn't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Mrs. Himes, "if the Lord spares my life, I will."

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that—" Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

A correspondent asks what is the best method of feeding cattle in winter? We don't know, exactly. One might prefer to take the ox in his lap, and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining-room, and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

During an election in a certain locality a temperance candidate called upon a rum-seller and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the Evil One himself than for you," was the savage reply. "Yes, I know," said the candidate; "but in case your friend should not be nominated, might I then count on your assistance?"

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, February 18th, 1880.

Along our city streets have marched, within a few days, companies of unemployed men. One company asks that a lot of employed men shall be turned out of their places and themselves put into those same places, and the others allowed to go unemployed about the streets. Is that a magnanimous, or a selfish, request? Why are these men unemployed? Partly because the times are hard, and all business must contract; and we must all endure the misfortune as best we can. These men suffer with the rest of us, and little blame can fall on individuals. Some of these men were clamorous for a new Constitution, and for that sort of an instrument which has deranged business, alarmed capital, and arrested enterprise; and now they meet the consequences. These things, we trust, are but temporary results. In time they will pass away. Some of these men are restless, inefficient, unreliable, as workers, and so have lost their places for lack of diligence, devotedness and patience. And some, probably, are men who never did work when they could help it; and would regret not being among the unemployed. We are profoundly sorry for them all; but not for them all alike. We have nothing to give them in wealth or wages; being ourselves among God's poor, and toiling for a pittance, in the way of earthly rewards. We can cheer such people only with the thought, that everything will soon adjust itself to the new situation, and that the hand of a Beneficent Providence must be in it all.

The Normal School building has been burned. We hope it will be rebuilt, on the same site, and in a fitter and better style. It is not fit that a public building, of the size required, should be built of wood. There is no safety for it or for anything it contains. It should be of stone or brick, and should be made as nearly fire proof as possible. It should have iron rafters and a slate roof. It should have iron girders instead of wooden joists for the support of floors. Nothing but floors and doors should be of wood. If these should chance to burn, in part, the structure could not fall. It is too serious an exposure to place libraries and museums in an edifice that is wholly combustible. Our State must learn to build for the centuries, and not for a generation, or a less time even. It cannot be many years before all large structures, of a public nature, built of perishable materials will pass away. We cannot keep them if we would. Certainly we should not renew them.

It seems that the Hon. Mr. Parnell, the present champion of Ireland at this time, is about to visit this city. We are not glad that he is coming; nor are we specially grieved. He is welcome to all he can get in money from his wealthy countrymen, who have made their fortunes on our shores. We may have the satisfaction of seeing and hearing him. For the distress in Ireland we are not wanting in sympathy. For the bad tenure of land in Ireland we have regrets. We hope it will be changed. It should be altered. But we do not think it is quite the proper thing to do to come to this country to raise money for the purpose of agitation, or to endeavor to get up a feeling here with the hope of making it a power in the British Parliament. Agitations, within the law, in Ireland are all right. Let the aggrieved keep at them till their wrongs are righted. But we do not see it to be just the thing to be agitating over here, with the broad ocean for a defense against counter influences, and the power of those whose interests lie in another direction. A movement in the British Parliament for a repeal of the law of primogeniture, and for the increase of the number of landholders, and for the cure of absenteeism, is to be made. We hope it may succeed. The relation of landlords and tenants is not a happy one. The old patron system in Eastern New York led to an anti-rent agitation in that state a generation ago, and had to be reformed. Such a system, or a like one, ought not to exist anywhere. It always leads to trouble at last. Every farmer should own his land in fee simple—at least, he should have the opportunity of doing so, whenever he is able to do it and is so disposed. More is put into the soil, and more is gotten out of it, when the tillers of the soil are also its owners. Many small farms are better for a country than a few very large ones.

We have looked through the forty-page circular of Prof. Eben Tourjee of Boston, in which he proposes his "Third Grand Educational Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land, during the Summer and Autumn of 1880." There will be short tours and long tours, separate or

combined, lasting (from New York) from August 28th to December 1st or January 1st. There will also be arranged several excursions to Europe, leaving New York in May and June. We reckon that the charges on these excursions are arranged on a scale of about six dollars a day for each person, from the departure to the arrival again at New York. Of course, some individual and personal expenses, averaging, perhaps, a dollar a day, will have to be added to this. The same accommodations might cost one going alone from eight to ten dollars a day. To read over the itineraries of proposed excursions revives the memories of times and scenes which it were a gladness to renew. Those who have the time and the means to make the longer tour in such a company as will be likely to go will be amply repaid, in those forms of enjoyment and excitement which rarely come more than once.

Has it really come to pass that certain types of disease have changed so rapidly and become so virulent as to be no longer under the control of physicians? Is pneumonia, for instance, to be henceforth regarded as an alarming disease, which will prove fatal in five cases out of ten? Is there no specific for it, which, by inhalation, say, shall quickly relieve the lungs of the inflammation that has set in upon them? Is there no prophylactic, no preventive, nothing that one can breathe, for a time, which shall defend him from the assaults of forces that finally gangrene the lungs, or otherwise disintegrate them? In a year like this, when our friends die, on this side and that, of this acute disorder, and ourselves escape it only by a shadowy line, we are put upon this quest without our will. We wish to know definitely what to do; how to manage ourselves so that we may not contract the disease; and may know how, having taken it, to throw it off, and elude its grasp.

A recent letter from Guadalajara, Mexico, states that a special communion service was held there, on the 25th of December, the anniversary of the organization of the church. Twenty-five persons were received to membership. The letter says: "In the open court and corridor we had a most interesting service. Over two hundred were present. When the ordinance of baptism was administered, the twenty-five, with several children, knelt around the table, and Mr. Watkins baptized them. Among these was one priest. Many a heart was thrilled at the sight, many a tear was shed, and many a prayer went up especially in his behalf. We have every confidence in him. The church carry him daily in their prayers to the Throne of Grace. We feel that the Lord will answer their prayers, that he may have much of the Spirit, and do much for his country and for the Master. The Lord was with us, and we trust that some were hopefully converted that day. * * This morning, January 1st, at 9 o'clock, we had a room full, over fifty, in a prayer-meeting for a blessing on the New Year, for a closer walk with God, and for a blessing on the work of the year. It was a good meeting. Many were the earnest prayers offered. * * We always have large audiences; and the people, as they express it, are hungry and thirsty for the truth." Quite in another line of things is the statement, that the safer steamer to send by is that which leaves this port on the 18th or 19th of each month; as the mails by the steamer of the 5th are very likely to be robbed. It will be seen that there is some cheer in the mission work in Mexico, and a promise of even better things, if the work shall be allowed to proceed without undue disturbance.

Temptation.

BY REV. W. E. JAMES.

The wisest of us need to offer the petition daily, "Lead us not into temptation." An apparent trifle will ruin many men. Millions go to destruction on account of their inability to control their appetites. They cannot use wine without abusing it. Strangers to moderation, they sacrifice health, home, wife, children, honor, religion, prospects—everything, everything, for the sake of a mere bodily appetite. Before they know it, they are lost. Others know it, and gossip about it, and giggle over it, and exultingly say, "I told you so." Do they pray for them? No. Plead with them? No. They only giggle; and at last, when all is over, say, "I told you so." Are such people friends or Christians—which?

Others there are who, perhaps, able to resist the temptations of appetite, fail to resist the temptations of passion. Impulsive, sensitive, unevenly organized, with little moral sentiment, and less prudence, all their lives long they are the willing slaves of passions which are respectable only as servants, never as masters.

Well has it been said, "that in-

stinct which points towards the preservation of the race is, no doubt, next in strength to the instinct of self-preservation, but love and honor can surmount them both"; and, "It is in the nature of true love to renounce an unlawful gratification, instead of claiming it. We prefer the higher graces of purity and the possession of one's self in peace and honor, to the lower delights with which passion lures the senses."

Says Alcott: "We gain a residence in the senses by birth-right, but are born late into ideas"—the home of the mind. The Apocrypha tells us the story of Judith and Holofernes. To save her country she resolves to kill its chief enemy—Holofernes, the Assyrian. By cunning artifice, she enters his camp and kills him. Aldrich prettily versifies an inward struggle of heroism, which he invents:

"And thrice that day she prayed within her heart,
Bowed down among the cushions of the tent
In shame and wretchedness; and thus she prayed:
'O, save me from him, Lord! but save me most
From mine own sinful self: for lo! this man,
Thou'lt viler than the vilest thing that walks,
A worshiper of fire and senseless stone,
Slayer of children, enemy of God—
He, even he, O Lord, forgive my sin!
Hath by his heathen beauty moved me more
Than should a daughter of Judea be moved
Save by the noblest, clothe me with Thy
love,
And rescue me, and let me trample down
All evil thought, and from my baser self
Climb up to Thee, that artimes may say:
'She tore the guilty passion from her soul,
Judith the pure, the faithful unto death.'"
And so, as writes the poet, prayer and patriotism triumphed, and she killed, at once, her own passion and Israel's proud foe.

Higher than appetite, and higher than passion, is the temptation to worship gold. I say higher, because more intellectual—further removed from the sphere of animalism.

The slaves of appetite and passion are still down among the brutes, undeveloped. Like the Prodigal Son, they feed with the swine. It is higher to be a slave of gold. Animals have no organ of acquisitiveness. They have little or no idea of property. There is education in the pursuit and possession of property. There is mental training, and there is a possibility of moral training.

Property is one thing that distinguishes man from the brute.

But, notice now: As a man may be a slave of appetite or of passion, so he may be a slave of gold. Does he own his property, or does his property own him? That is the question. If his property owns him; if he worships not God, but gold—he is lost! He is a ruined man. His soul is a desert; his heart, a parched, shriveled thing. Instead of growing meeker, less generous, as we grow old, we should grow more and more liberal. Of all sights on God's green earth, one of the most repulsive is that of a gray-headed man clutching, with trembling hand, his gold, folding it to his heart and worshipping it. And the only way to escape such a fate is to follow the Bible rule: "Freely ye have received; freely give." Give as the Lord hath given unto you. It is a bad sign—lessening our liberality as God increases our days. It is a poor way to repay his bounty—giving less as he gives more. God have mercy on us if, as we grow older, we grow meaner!

All slavery is hateful. "He is a free man whom truth makes free; and all are slaves besides." He is the free man who governs his appetites, his passions, his temper, his greed of gold, his thirst for fame, his ignoble love of ease; to each of which there are many and mighty temptations. Yes, and these temptations we need. What! We need them for our own personal growth, for culture, for self-improvement, for self-knowledge. "For how shall we be known—nay, how shall we know ourselves, unless we be tried?" Seeing this, the apostle James says: "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations."

Exhortation to Exercise. I.

We are scripturally exhorted to exercise ourselves unto godliness. This means that we are to exercise ourselves whole, and ourselves wholly, unto godliness. We are to exercise ourselves whole, or in health. Health means wholeness, by its derivation from the old word "wholth." And when we serve a cause whole, or in health, we are in a way to serve it wholly. We cannot be whole persons unless we are healthy persons. And for the sake of godliness we are to exercise ourselves to be well; to be in health and vigor, in all the parts of our nature; because we cannot do much for godliness except as we are well, whole, sound, active, vigorous, both in body and mind, in heart and soul.

It is our Christian duty to be whole, healthy, in all parts of our nature; to exercise ourselves that we may be so; and to make every effort in our power to be and continue so. Religion may be the possession of those who are feeble by con-

stitution, broken by diseases of climate, enfeebled by old age, or smitten by the pestilence; and it may be a very great good to such, a comfort and a consolation beyond price. Still, it is true that religion does not, commonly, have its best degrees in bodies ill-used or diseased. The kinds of ailment differ much in their power to affect the mind; and those which are remote from brain and nerve do not affect the head or heart, and so do not specially interfere with their mental or spiritual exercises. But disorders which have their seats in the more delicate organs, or that are attended by acute pains, sadly interfere with intellectual employments and religious experiences. Some of these touch our natures in those mysterious chambers whence our spirits flow; and when we are so touched, our courage is gone, our hope is fled, our light is out, we are depressed, we are in gloom, we have no heart for enterprise. We can see, by a little scrutiny, that our circumstances have not changed at all, and yet they are not to us what they were before we were ill in this manner. We are only a little helped by this discovery, nevertheless, unless our minds are disciplined and our wills are strong.

And, if we would fitly exercise ourselves unto godliness, we must be careful to keep ourselves clear, or to cure ourselves, of those disorders, in particular, which spoil the digestion or derange the nerves. Old Richard Baxter, who was a good doctor of physic as well as of theology, said: "I advise thee, as a further help to heavenly living, neglect not the due care of thy bodily health. Thy body is a useful servant, if thou give it its due; but it is a devouring tyrant if thou indulge its unreasonable desires."

It is safe to say that we ought no more to neglect the care of our physical health than we ought to neglect the care of our households or the practice of prayer. "Bodily disease is the cause, the occasion, of one-half of the gloomy doubts and religious melancholies which are the nightmare of so many a Christian's daily existence. It may be there are seeming spiritual ailments which cannot be reached by Bibles, tracts or sermons, which will be remedied by baths, perspirations, stiff walks, and lungs vigorously plied with fresh air. And we cannot be sure that we arrive at the real condition of some who are distressed with anxieties, and under the depressions of despondency, until we are informed about the food they eat, and many of their habits of body and business. If bad diet render us irritable, and lead us to disgrace ourselves and our religion, and if other physical abuses gloom and derange us, then all those wrong bodily habits are an 'abomination unto the Lord.'"

To be stupid by overeating, overdrinking, oversleeping, are the gross ways in which we may fail to exercise ourselves unto godliness, or unto any other good. We can render ourselves weak and exhausted from overwork, and then are likely to become uncomfortable and wrong for lack of nerve and will power. And we can refrain from physical exertion and expend none of our accumulated forces of body and mind, and then we shall be even more uncomfortable, irritable and wrong than we were in the previous instance. So that, we cannot be physically healthy, nor religiously healthy, nor wholly ourselves and our own, except as we exercise ourselves unto each result. Nor can we tell whether we are good Christians or not, till we are sure that our bodies are not interfering with our souls, and that we are clear in our understanding, because all our natural functions are easily and pleasantly performed.

But this exercise of ourselves which is required of us supposes that we shall be more than free from all debasing and darkening diseases. It requires that all the delicate machinery of the whole nature play on, without strain or jar, fracture or friction. It requires that our whole nature become sound, symmetrical, sweet, even and reliable. Our whole nature has need to be so modulated, adjusted, vivified and enlightened that it shall be religious with spontaneity and certainty, just as our pulses throb and our lungs breathe and our vital forces play, without thought or will of ours, and, measurably, in spite of our thought and will.

We learn with sorrow that our friend Mr. E. P. Sanford of Oakland died on Monday, at the residence of Mr. James Shinn at Niles. How much he will be missed in the family, and in the church and community! The funeral is at 11 o'clock to-day, in the First Congregational church, Oakland. A more extended notice will be given next week.

Handsome dummies, with commodious cars attached, commenced making regular trips last Monday morning on the Geary-street cable road, and were well patronized. The working of the machinery of the road is as smooth as could be expected.

Mrs. Sarah P. Blakelee.

[Read at the funeral service in Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, Feb. 15, 1880.]

Of one disciple St. Paul could say: "I have no one like-minded who will naturally care for your state." This language I am constrained to use of her whom we bury to-day. She took upon her care for others; she took it in a natural, genuine and thorough way. Surely, they that are like-minded are not the many, but the few. A prophet has affirmed that it is good to bear the yoke in one's youth. The woman whom we miss early took the yoke of care for others.

Sarah P. Wakefield was born in the town of Reading, Mass., Dec. 3rd, 1822, of the true New England stock. The family to which she belonged was large. She was the sixth of eleven children, all of whom lived to adult years. One died in the war; nine still remain. The mother survives, nearly ninety years old. Remembering this lineage, our sister expected, and yet dreaded, to live to a time of life when her powers should fail. But she has left us in the height of her usefulness.

This girl was taught—she was also apt to learn—self-help. At nine years of age, we hear of her ministering to the sick and aged of her acquaintance and kindred. When she was fourteen, in company with a sister only a little older, she sustained, during a protracted sickness of her mother, the care and work of the large household. By her own efforts she was enabled to complete a course of study. We see her walking daily to a neighboring parish to school. We look within the industrious home, and find her binding shoes—a common occupation in thrifty houses of that region. Toiling thus and in other ways, she at last accomplished her purpose, and was graduated, at the age of twenty-four, from the Abbot Academy at Andover, a few miles from her own home. In that Academy she remained as a teacher the following year. She continued a teacher elsewhere for several years, and helped several of her sisters to prosecute their studies. Under the auspices of a society intended to supply the regions westward with Christian teachers, she went to Danville, Iowa, where she had charge of a young ladies' seminary for two years. Here she became acquainted with Mr. Blakelee, to whom, after his return from his pioneer visit to California, she was married on the 29th of April, 1851. The next year was spent as a pastor's wife in Hampden, O. In the spring of 1853, she accompanied her husband to San Francisco, where her home continued, till the family was removed to Folsom, in the latter part of 1856. This removal was made with reference to the establishment of the Folsom Institute, of which Mr. Blakelee became Principal in 1859. After a six months' stay at Lockeford, the home of the family was fixed in Oakland, in Dec., 1862. Mrs. Blakelee became soon a member of the First church, and continued her connection until, at the organization of this church, nearly six years ago, she identified herself with this new congregation.

Whatever cares came with these several relations and changes—and these cares were many, and some of them unusual—this woman assumed to the full. Alone for the greater part of her married life, her mind and body were busy with the culture of her children and the work of the household. Yet no one was more constant in her place as a helper in every good work. You could count upon her to take her full share in any service which concerned the welfare of those around her. In any contribution made for benevolence, or for current or special expenses of the church, no one reproached her for failure to bear her part. If there were but three or four to sustain a woman's circle for prayer, a teachers' meeting, or a sewing society, she would be sure to be one of the three or four. Whatever she had covenanted to do, whatever, by inference from her connection with church or other organization, any one would naturally expect her to do, you might be confident would be done. Excuses were not in her line. The idea of sparing herself was not entertained in her thoughts. The things which belonged to others to do, but were not done, she must try to find some way to finish. She did not thrust herself into these responsibilities; she was not obtrusive; she did not make herself conspicuous. But upon hands open like hers responsibilities would fall sooner or later; and latterly, at least, they have fallen so heavily that it is doubtless true that overwork hastened her departure. The financial burdens of this church, not to speak of other cares concerning it, came largely upon her. The Secretaryship of the Woman's Board absorbed her attention and time from its organization. When other helpers have sickened or died, she seemed to be one who was not expected to fail.

Her hands were not only open, ready; they were efficient. She was capable. She possessed that quality which we call "sense." Her mind was poised. It was a trained mind. It was controlled by a vigilant and accurate conscience. It was well-informed. She knew what was doing among the churches here and elsewhere. She read good authors. Her thoughts were orderly and found orderly expression. Her convictions were settled, and she could give reasons for them. Her judgment was not hasty. Her word was spoken in good faith, and could be relied upon.

I do not know when her conscious Christian life commenced. It was during her late girlhood. Nor do I know much of her internal religious story. She was reticent of her experience. But they who have known her longest say that when they first knew her she was of the same firm Christian principle. Her life was not moved by ecstasies. She could sing, indeed, and with the spirit; but with the understanding also. She disclaimed high attainments. Among the few sentences she slowly and with difficulty uttered to me on the evening before she died was this: "I have been a very imperfect Christian." But, if I do not mistake, her appreciation of her Lord's fullness has perceptibly advanced during these later years. Her character seemed to me sweeter, riper, richer. Her sympathy with the kingdom of Christ could never be questioned. The great work of missions lay close to her affections. It was, indeed, as she used to urge upon others, an exhilaration; it enlarged her vision, and lifted her from the mere personal, domestic and local routine.

We did not need any dying testimony of her faith. But that is not wanting. Her sickness came upon her at once, like an armed man. It struck her low almost with the first touch. But it found her at peace. When she perceived that the doctor had given an opinion about her case, she asked of her husband what he said; received the unfavorable opinion without agitation, and calmly rejoined: "We are just as safe in His hands as it is possible to be, for He have everything necessary to show us the way." Subsequently, seemingly having forgotten, or failed to realize, what the doctor said, she asked again, "What did he say?" "He says you cannot get well." "Well, that is all right," was the firm reply. Then, when one of the daughters remarked: "But it is harder for us than it is for you," she made this answer: "I will not leave you comfortless." As the hours of the night wore away, fragments of verses were whispered by her. When, for instance, in response to her word "forsake," the whole promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was repeated, she gave her assent. When her lips gave forth two or three times, "forever," the passage was read: "And there shall be no night there, * * * and they shall reign forever and ever"; and of this reading there was a like recognition. The last word distinctly heard was, "Faith."

And so she has laid down, at the age of 57, the burdens allotted her to carry. She has exchanged, at her Master's bidding, the yoke for the crown. And yet to us, who were the objects of her love and painstaking, her care must be thought of as her crown. The one tribute which her pastor feels like laying on her tomb is contained in the three texts: "I have no one like-minded who will naturally care for your state"; "Thanks be to God which put the same earnest care into the heart of Titus for you"; "These only are my fellow-workers into the kingdom of God which have been a comfort to me."

And yet, while I repeat these texts, there comes back to me this sentence, with the peculiar tone of protest with which she said to me, after she was taken sick: "Oh, I guess I am not the only one." There comes to me also the positive charge, made in the same feeling, to our family, a few hours only before she passed away: "Don't let them make a fuss over me." And again: "Do not let the coffin be opened at the burial." So, hushing the terms of praise which my heart utters, and which were never uttered enough while she was alive, I arise, let us all arise, and go hence, taking thankfully the comfort which this fellow-worker has given us; remembering with fresh gratitude, too, the other elect women gone before, who labored with her in the Gospel—determined and encouraged to be "like-minded."

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE REVISION. The Berkshire Bible Society is one of the oldest Bible Societies in our country, and one of the most influential and important auxiliaries of the American Bible Society. At the recent annual meeting of the Berkshire Society at Pittsfield, Prof. Perry of Williams College offered for adoption a preamble setting forth briefly the reasons for a new revision of the English Bible, followed by resolutions thanking the revisers for their painstaking work, now drawing to a close, and asking the American Bible Society so to alter its constitution as to enable it to publish the new revision at the earliest practicable time. The Berkshire Society also pledged itself to place the new revision in its depositories side by side with the old one, and to circulate it as a donation. The preamble and resolutions were adopted by a large vote.

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Home Missionary Col.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D.D.

Office: No. 7 Montgomery Ave., San Francisco.

A Trip to the South Country.

Seven years ago we first visited Tulare City. Two or three small houses and a railroad depot just finished made up the town. The old settlers were principally stock men, and lived large distances from each other. In a little "six-by-nine" school-house, half a mile from the depot, and under a friendly oak, we held our first service, started a Sunday-school of twelve, and preached to an audience of eighteen or twenty. A member of the First church of San Francisco took charge of the school, meanwhile waiting patiently for the coming missionary, and waited not quite a year. By permission of the railroad company, Bro. Rankin held Sunday worship and Sunday-school services in the sitting-rooms of the new depot buildings.

In time, that same missionary, almost single-handed and alone, built a neat and handsome church edifice; the Sunday-school of twelve increased to nearly one hundred, and the ordinary evening congregation to over that number. The town grew, kept growing, till the successive droughts came; then the people began to go. The missionary went also; but the work remains. For nearly five months the church has been closed, except for Sunday-school work. It was our privilege to spend the first Sunday of the month in Tulare. Both morning and evening congregations were large, the house in the evening being quite full. The Sabbath-school was well attended and well directed. Two girls, who had grown up in the Sunday-school, and now young ladies, assisted by other former scholars, were the directing minds. Quite a number of young men and young women made up a Bible-class, and seemed interested in their study of the book. We took part in the school, and made grateful mention of its history and prosperity. Good work has been done in the past, and much more remains for the future. By a vote of the church, a missionary was asked for. We were assured that there was a readiness on the part of the people to receive and help support a resident minister. The prospect of a good crop is stimulating them to do liberally in this respect.

We need the right man and his wife for that purpose. In this connection, we are glad to bear testimony for the railroad company. We were informed that the "orders" are, if any employee of the company is found hanging around saloons and such places, to discharge him. The company went further. It opened reading-rooms, furnished them with books, a billiard-table, coal, oil, etc., where not only those in their employ, but citizens of the place may resort and spend their leisure time, on condition that the rooms be taken care of by those who enjoy the benefits. Any man with minimum sense can see that, as a business investment, such an arrangement must pay dividends, both in cash and morals. It helps the town, the country, everybody that cares for good society. How desirable that such favoring helps be made the most of by the Church for Christ!

The question now is: Who is the man for Tulare? Where is he to be found? But there is a question back of this also. Have we the money to help support him there? It keeps coming up—this same important cry—"Halt, or forward"—which? Every week's delay from this time on in furnishing a man for that truly missionary field is a discount on religion. And so of other fields, which we have not the heart to mention.

Religious Intelligence.

California.

A very interesting conversation was had at the Club meeting on Monday last upon the subject, "What the age demands of the Christian religion." Rev. E. F. Walker presented an able and interesting paper on the topic.

The subject for discussion at the Club next Monday will be, "Has the power of the Christian Church, and its influence for good among men declined, within the last twenty years? If so, what is the cause, and what the remedy?" Deacon S. A. Chapin is to present it.

Dr. Thompson of Detroit, Rev. J. Thompson of the Bible Society, Rev. J. Hooper and others were visitors at the Club on Monday.

The attendance at the churches last Sabbath was somewhat diminished by the unfavorable weather, but the sermons preached were described in good terms by those who heard them.

C. W. Broadbent Esq., of this city, supplied the pulpit of the Martinez church morning, and evening, last Sabbath.

Additional conversions have been reported at the Mariner's church during the past week.

Rev. J. T. Wills of Oakland has not been well lately, and brethren kindly supplied his pulpit last Sabbath.

Our friends connected with Plymouth church dedicated their new chapel on Post street, between Buchanan and Webster streets, last Sabbath evening. The comfortable and commodious edifice was full. The building is prettily decorated with mottoes, designs, etc. The facilities for lighting, heating and ventilating the building are perfect. At the special service on Monday last, Dr. O. C. Thompson of Detroit took part in the service, and Rev. T. K. Noble preached a very appropriate and impressive sermon. A good collection was taken up, and the general outlook is quite encouraging. A prayer-meeting was appointed for next Friday evening, and Sabbath-school next Sunday morning at nine o'clock. It is understood that the prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school will be held regularly at these times until further notice.

We are informed that Rev. H. Cummings has been appointed Moral Instructor at San Quentin.

Father Harker is a name familiar to many, but he has not been seen much among us of late. Friends who remember the name—and there are many that do—will be glad to hear that Father Harker and his wife are living at Fruitvale, with their son-in-law, Mr. Wellman, and are passing gently down the declivity of years. Continued peace and happiness be with them.

Our Oregon friends like THE PACIFIC. They say: "We like the paper. It improves." Thanks, kind friends. Hope you will be able to say the same all the time.

We learn from Willets, Mendocino Co., that the winter has been exceedingly wet and cold; more than the usual amount of snow. Religious services have consequently been very irregular; still there is some encouragement. Two united with the church by letter last Sunday.

We regret to learn that Rev. F. H. Wales of Dutch Flat has been suffering from pneumonia, and unable to officiate for three or four Sabbaths. At last reports he was improving.

Good reports come from Soquel. The audience is steadily increasing, and things generally look hopeful. The Philharmonic Society has lately given two very fine concerts for the benefit of the church. A pleasing feature of one of the entertainments was a surprise in the shape of a testimonial, consisting of a silver water-pitcher, two goblets and a beautiful card stand, to Mr. T. S. Tarleton, in appreciation of his services as leader and instructor. Mrs. West made a very appropriate presentation speech, and, altogether, the affair was both interesting and profitable.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The church at Gilroy has been blessed with a number of accessions, and Pastor T. M. Oviatt is doing good and acceptable work.—Eight persons were received to the church in Calistoga at its last communion.

BAPTIST.—A few months ago a small Baptist church was organized at Kibesele and Westport in Mendocino county, with thirteen members. During the past quarter, the entire number has reached forty-eight, and other additions are expected.—Rev. S. B. Morse has lectured on "Rome," and "Life and Customs in Egypt" on recent Sabbath evenings. Dr. Dewitt and Prof. Maxham have been holding largely attended revival meetings at the Metropolitan Temple in this city. Several persons were baptized last Sabbath, and the meetings still continue. Nine were added to the Healdsburg church at its last communion.—The San Jose church was recently set on fire, but was saved by the promptness of the fire brigade.

METHODIST.—Ten conversions have been reported at the German Methodist church in Oakland.—Frequent conversions and excellent meetings are reported at the Central church in this city.—Successful meetings have been held at Occidental.—The Stockton church debt has been entirely liquidated.—Very successful protracted meetings have been held at Gilroy.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The work in the San Luis Obispo district is in a hopeful condition.—One member was added to the Sacramento church recently.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Dr. Akery has resumed daily week-day services in his church in Oakland.—St. Luke's church, to which Rev. Mr. Lines ministers, is entirely free from debt.

Eastern and Foreign.

NOTES.—Dr. W. H. Thomson at the New York Congregational Club, in a paper read before that body, advocated the common education of the ministry of different denominations in the same educational institutions. Make a note of that.

—The Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, to use the newspaper word, is "booming," after its long reproach. It sent the largest single check to New York recently—\$23,500.—Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, who knows how good it feels to be relieved of a big debt, went down to Fall River to try his hand on a debt of \$80,000 in the Central church in that well-stricken city. There was raised that Sunday \$75,420! The church cost \$250,000.—Kansas City, Mo., reaches over to Westfield, Mass., and calls the pastor of the Second church there, Rev. Henry Hopkins.—The American Board is calling loudly for medical missionaries. Remarkable openings for such are offering in various fields, especially in China and Turkey; opportunities for boundless influence and usefulness.—A special effort is on foot to secure ten scholarships of a thousand dollars each for the female department of Morgan College. Profs. Barrows and Morgan of the theological department have resigned on account of the infirmities of age.

NEWMAN HALL.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler writes in the "Evangelist": "Thousands of our readers will be glad to learn that the Rev. Newman Hall of London is prospering greatly in his ministry. The

excitement occasioned by the necessary trial for divorce, has died away. His church is crowded; the Holy Spirit is honoring his labors, and about eighty members have lately been received into "Christ Church" on confession of faith. Among the fast friends who stood by him during the late painful affair most unflinchingly, was the Hon. Mr. Gladstone.

MISSION NOTES.—It takes only \$30 or \$40 annually to maintain a young man for the ministry in the missionary fields.—Prof. Thomas N. Chase has gone to Africa to inspect the mission at Mendi, on the west coast.—Sixteen missionaries have been sent to Mtesa's territory in Africa, of whom six have died and three returned sick.—Since the mission at Guadalajara, Mexico, was begun, 209 adults have been baptized there, and probably 25 more at Ahualulco. As many as sixty per cent. are counted reliable. Minister Foster, who passed through the city not long ago, said the congregations were quite as good as in the city of Mexico.

FRENCH CANADIANS IN N. E.—Lowell, Mass., has a French population of from seven to eight thousand. Rev. Mr. Cote, formerly a Roman Catholic student and priest, who was afterward educated for the Protestant ministry, and who had labored successfully for some years in Canada, organized a mission work in Lowell about three years ago, with seven persons. He is now pastor of a growing church with a hundred members. Pastor Cote has been influential in establishing a similar enterprise among the same class in Manchester, N. H., where a young pastor has been recently settled. It is said that there are about a million French-Canadians now included in our population. Many of the most intelligent become Protestants. Twelve French Catholics have recently joined the church at Central Falls, R. I. Rev. Mr. Lyon pastor, on confession of faith. Most of these are heads of families, and therefore the number of persons brought under Protestant influence is much larger than the number received into the church. Many of the French Catholics are purchasing copies of the Word of God, and diligently reading it.

Temperance.

The temperance five-cent coffee-room, which has been carried on so successfully by the ladies on Sacramento street, between Kearny and Montgomery, has entered its new and enlarged location, a few doors above its previous place, and there continues the good work. The ladies who carry on that and the other temperance coffee-rooms in the city deserve every encouragement in their laudable enterprise.—The Alameda temperance coffee-room is making progress, and doing well for an institution so recently established. Every town should have one or more temperance coffee-rooms, with reading-room attached.

California W. C. T. U.

The organization known as the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has been in existence since 1874, and now has auxiliaries in every state in the Union; California having organized into a state society last September. Throughout America, England and Scotland the women have aroused to the necessity of united, persevering and prayerful action in regard to the terrible evil, the rum traffic, and have united themselves in the societies known as the W. C. T. U. Wherever organized they have become a great power for good in the community, not only trying to help those who have fallen to arise and leave their dark ways, turning to Christ for their strength, but also educating the children upon the temperance question, teaching them gospel, psychological and physiological temperance; thus providing for the purity of soul, mind and body.

One great hope for the future of our country is in the children of the present generation. These, if trained in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ; taught that the body should be kept pure and undefiled, a fit temple for the indwelling of God's Spirit, will grow into a noble and pure manhood and womanhood. With such men and women, many of the questions connected with crime and pauperism will require no solution. We do all in our power to form and reform, the first being the most hopeful, because fundamental. But, believing Christ is able to save to the uttermost, we hold out the Christian hand of sympathy and love to all of God's creatures, telling them of the boundless love of our Redeemer. Knowing that our Father values one soul more than all the riches of this earth, and that his Son stands ready to intercede for the most wretched and degraded, we take hold of all the precious promises and work in faith, trusting the results with God.

It may be thought by some that in this first article we should state more in regard to the temporal workings of our society. We wish first to impress upon all who may read our weekly reports, that we have built with Christ as our corner-stone; that all our deliberations are prayerfully made; and that we do nothing without asking God's blessing to rest upon the effort. Firmly believing that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven, we appeal to the Christian women of our churches to unite with us. We ask them carefully, thoughtfully, and praying without ceasing, to consider this whole subject of intemperance and Gospel temperance. In our next communication we will give you some of the practical work done by us, and the results with which our efforts have been blessed—results granted in answer to earnest prayer and effort, by a loving Father, who is more willing to give good gifts than any earthly parent.

M. E. CONGDON,
Sec. Cal. W. C. T. U.

It is definitely determined to erect a monument to Prince Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. R. H. McDonald's Temperance Circular.

(Continued.)

The following is a portion of the temperance circular sent out all over our coast

BY DR. R. H. McDONALD, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In our Efforts for Reform.

All great reforms are accomplished by graded efforts, and with a high standard. The work of reform in our own lives is by successive steps, requiring a life-time to attain the end sought. Universal temperance cannot be attained by any overwhelming, coercive measures. Like all reforms, and like physical changes within the human organism, it must be by a gradual process, according with the standard of education upon this subject. The temperance pledge is a great and useful thing, but it must be re-invigorated by Christian principle. It must have the heart of its being in a pure religion.

Every ounce of liquor costs the poor man a loaf of bread, and every paper of tobacco or cigar the same. The fire liquor builds in a poor man's stomach and brain extinguishes the fire on his heart; while the fiery blood that rushes through his own veins, madly burning his life away, is transmitted to his helpless children, producing and perpetuating a race of paupers and criminals.

If there were no rum or tobacco made, sold or used as a luxury, there would be no one out of work, or starving. Make the temperance movement felt everywhere, and ultimate victory is sure to come. Organize, with determination to triumph, and hundreds of thousands will flock to your aid. Every such movement as temperance and tobacco reform needs continual renewing. The power of this reformation depends on the thousands upon thousands of wills that shall continue to flow into it.

The Religious Principle

Is the most powerful agency in the world. Whatever controls that, controls the world. If it can be enlisted in the cause of temperance, that cause must succeed. That it should be so enlisted is most evident, for the highest points of good reached in the temperance cause coincide perfectly with the principles of religion. There is no form of evil that the church may not remove; and if the church could be brought fully to the support of the abolition of the use of ardent spirits and tobacco, the days of these evils would be numbered. But instead of the support which the cause of moral reform has a right to expect from the church, she is too often found arrayed in her practice against it. This is often seen in her traffic in drinks, tobacco, cigars, lottery schemes, games of chance, etc., at her socials, festivals and fairs.

A wise general is always careful on which side he fights. And if the church would heed the teaching, both by precept and example, of its great Leader, it would not show the mortifying spectacle of wielding the very weapons of Satan for filthy lucre.

Every such act is as much a betrayal of Christ and his cause, as the treatment he received from Judas, or the defamers of the temple, whom he scourged from his sacred walls. Shame upon all Christians who would not scruple to take the devil's power to run the Lord's mill.

The habit fixed in youth governs the man.

Thousands of prematurely gray heads to-day are hastening to the tomb, because of the pernicious habits of their youth.

Habit may be good, but it is always despotic. We are free to choose what habits shall reign over us, but we are not free to reject the dominion of a habit that has been indulged and grown upon us from childhood.

The young can have no stronger reason than the power of habit to induce them to scrutinize the influences which are now forming their character.

The middle-aged and the old have but little interest in such an investigation, for on them the omnipotent past has already fixed its impress for all time to come. Their intellects have already received form and hue from opportunities, well or ill improved—long since gone, but still working powerfully in the character for good or evil.

The young are now forming habits which shall become thus potent with them; therefore we have brought this appeal in their behalf.

In conclusion, we would ask: Is this a business which was ever engaged in with a desire to honor God? Is the manufacture and use of these poisons something over which a man can pray?

And now we submit these thoughts to your careful consideration. If moral, the manufacture, traffic and use should be driven on with all the power of American energy; with all the aids of wealth, and all the might of steam, and all the facilities of railroads; for our country and the Church call all men to honorable employment. But if it be immoral and wrong, it should be abandoned at once. This is demanded alike by both Church and State.

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Hearing Without Ears.

Not long ago, I went, with some very excellent and humane people, to witness the wonderful scene of a number of deaf persons from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who were made to hear through their teeth! They all had been deaf—some from birth and some from infancy. There were four pretty, pleasant-looking girls, and six or eight bright boys. One of the boys had lost both arms, but the poor fellow had been taught the sign-language by his loving, patient teacher, and could show that he understood it by waving and lifting his poor stumps of arms.

As soon as we all were seated, a fine-looking gentleman got up and said:

"I have been deaf for twenty years. I have tried all manner of speaking-trumpets, which did me very little good, and I had made up my mind that, for the rest of my life, I must never hear my children's voices, never listen to the sound of sweet music, but just lead a sad, silent life. One day, I was talking to a friend with my watch in my hand, and carelessly placed it against my teeth. To my astonishment, I plainly heard the ticking of the watch, though it was utterly silent when placed at my ear. I began to make experiments. I held a piece of bent metal to my teeth. I tried a tuning-fork. I remembered that Beethoven, the great composer, who became very deaf, held a metallic rod between his teeth, the other end resting on the sounding-board of his piano, and by this means he was able to hear the perfect music which his brain had produced. I tested various ways of hearing through the teeth, and now, after many trials, I have perfected this," and he held up what looked exactly like a fan. "This," he continued, "is the audiophone. It is made of flexible, polished, carbonized rubber. Fine silk cords, attached to the upper edge, bend it over, and are fastened by a wedge in the handle. The tension is adjusted to suit the sound, as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit distance. The top edge of the fan rests upon the upper teeth, and the sound-waves strike its surface; the vibrations are conveyed by the teeth and the bones of the face to the acoustic nerve communicating with the brain."

It was almost impossible to believe, but the gentleman called up one of the deaf mutes, and standing just in front of him, gave a tremendous shout, which made us all fairly bounce on our chairs, but the boy did not start, or move so much as an eyelash, which showed very plainly that he had heard nothing. Then Mr. Rhodes, for this is the name of the inventor of the audiophone, arranged the tension, and placed one in the boy's hand, adjusting it to his teeth. Then, "A, B, C," said Mr. Rhodes, in an ordinary tone. At the sound, the boy started, his face flushed, and he raised his hand with a quick surprised motion. He heard for the first time in his life! He did not know what the sounds meant, because to a deaf person English speech might as well be Greek—a deaf person's mind is a perfect blank as to the meanings of sound, though he may be able to talk fast enough on his fingers. Then Mr. Rhodes went behind the boy and said: "A, B, C," a little louder, and his teacher made the signs of the letters, at the same time, the boy gave a skip of delight, making the letters also.

Then a lady played on the piano, and the boy heard music for the first time! His hand moved up and down with a rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to pleasant sounds.

Then another boy was called, and the same experiments were tried, the first boy looking eagerly on, and talking as fast as his fingers would go, to the rest of the class. The second boy said in the sign language, that he could hear "very loud sounds." Mr. Rhodes shouted at him enough to nearly crack his skull, but he showed no sign of hearing, so his "very loud" must have been like a broadside of cannons.

But with the audiophone to his teeth, he heard everything. All the boys were tried in turn, with nearly the same success, even to the poor fellow without arms. The audiophone was held to his teeth, and such a flood of happiness came over his face, and poured out of his eyes, that my own eyes were blinded with tears. The rich tones of a parlor organ, which a gentleman present played upon, seemed almost to translate him from earth to heaven. It was not music to him; it was a sweet melodious sound, the revelation of a sense which gave him a new and intense happiness.

And now one of the girls, a pale, pretty little thing, was called to the table. The audiophone was placed to her teeth, and Mr. Rhodes made a sound. I hope you understand, that it was of no use for him to ask a question, because a deaf person has to begin like a baby to understand the meaning of sound; the deaf must be educated as to what an articulate sound is, to tell them. It would be with them like teaching a baby to talk.

When the girl heard the sound, what a study her face became! Waves of rosy color passed over her cheeks, her eyes were uplifted, her hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven.

But now, Mr. Rhodes brought out a number of flat boxes, each holding an audiophone. He took them out, and gave one to each of the deaf mutes. Then a lady present sang an echo song, very

sweetly, with the accompaniment of the piano. What a sight it was—as with audiophones at their teeth, the class listened to this mysterious sweetness, these harmonious sounds! The pale, young girl stood motionless, rapt, absorbed, with parted lips, and wide, uplifted eyes. A flood of light flowed over her face; her capacity to understand what such sound meant, seemed greater than that of the others; one almost would have thought that she was having a glimpse of heaven. As the sweet voice of the singer rose higher, higher, the young girl's hand and arm were raised to the utmost, the forefinger pointing upward; but with the soft echo of the song, the hand floated down with a gentle wavering motion, and moved softly to and fro, in perfect accord with the time. As the swelling tones were raised again, up went her hand, but her eyes never changed their uplifted, almost spiritual look, and her breath came quick and trembling. Oh, can any one measure the happiness that filled that child's soul, and so transformed that small, pale face? That view of the first ineffable joy of hearing is something never to be forgotten! The other children were affected in different ways—some waved their hands, some looked eagerly delighted; the maimed boy's eyes grew big and black, and a broad smile opened his mouth, as if he were laughing, but he made no audible sound.

After the song, Mr. Rhodes requested the company to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We rose from our chairs, and the beautiful hymn was sung, with the full accompaniment of the organ. I cannot describe the delight of the deaf girls and boys, as the sweet, solemn strains struck upon the precious audiophones held close to their teeth. They waved their hands to and fro, their faces glowing; the young girl, as before, looking upward, raising her arm with pointing finger at the high notes, and lowering it gently at the low tones. Big tears stood in the eyes of many of the singers, and I for one shall never forget the scene.

Mr. Rhodes has sent an audiophone, as a gift to the Princess of Wales, who is very deaf. These fans can be decorated and painted so as to be very beautiful, and a lady using one would never be supposed to be deaf, if she playfully placed her fan against her teeth when she was conversing.—[St. Nicholas for February.]

The Crooked Tree.

"Such a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes! I never would send her jelly or anything else, again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. "She never even said 'Thank you,' but 'Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighborly.' I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men, as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that, but it was of no use.

"It's as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe, as he dropped the ropes and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help, I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded the master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises of grace to help."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly; "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly, as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now, for she's like the old tree: it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better; but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts; then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'"

Three Good Lessons.

When I was eleven years old, (said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant,) my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was; but he had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast

been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R—. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R— offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. G—, the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are. Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

"Make Haste!"

"Make haste, Nellie, make haste! The door is not shut yet!" were the words that fell upon my ear one morning in the early summer as I was passing through a square in the West-end of our great metropolis just as the chimes of a neighboring clock were striking the hour of nine. The speaker was a girl of some ten or twelve years of age, who was hurrying towards a block of school buildings at the further end of the square. She held firmly by the hand a tiny child, whom she was thus urging onward, fearful lest the school-bell should stop and the door be closed to all late comers until after prayers, when the marks for punctuality would be lost. The little one was almost carried the last few remaining steps to the school-house, for she was too young to understand the loss of a few marks; but with the elder girl's assistance she kept pace with her, and, hot and panting, the two children reached the school just upon the last stroke of the clock, and only a few seconds before the door was closed.

Do you know of what this reminded me? It was this text: "When once the Master of the house is risen up and hath shut too the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us, and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are." (Luke xiii: 25-27.) Then it will be too late; there will be no re-opening that door to late comers. When once that great door of heaven is closed, it will be closed against all sinners, and all sights and sounds of earth will be forever shut out. But it will safely shut in forever God's children in a home of untold happiness. Little ones, of which side of that great door will you be on that day?

If you have never put that solemn question to yourselves, do so now. Remember, the door of heaven is still open, and a loving Savior says, "Come." You cannot tell how soon it may be shut, so flee to him at once; ask him to wash you from your sins in his precious blood, and receive you into his fold, of which he himself is the Door. But if you have already taken him for your Savior, all will be well, and you must try and follow the little girl's example, of whom I have just told you. Help others smaller and weaker than you to reach the door of heaven. Cheer onwards and encourage them by your example as well as your words. Aid them by every loving act that lies in your power, and you will some day hear those blessed words spoken to you: "Come ye blessed, for inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—[London Christian.]

Familiar Quotations from Wordsworth.

"The child is father of the man."
"A traveller between life and death."
"The light that never was on sea or land."
"Silent Nature's breathing life."
"A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed."

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower."
"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."
"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

"She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."
"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
Our Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

People who do not believe in prayer lose a wonderful rest and refuge. When time and space, the wants, the bitterness, or the duties of life separate us from those we love so far that our help is useless to them, our voices silent, our eyes blind; when we know that suffering, illness, danger, death, may lie in wait for them every hour, and no strength or longing of ours can avail to help them—where do they fly, what hope or comfort do they have, who cannot give their beloved into the safe keeping of an Omnipotent God; who cannot pour out their tortured and anxious hearts to him who heareth and answereth prayer?—[Hope Ledyard.]

Waggs went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and found the seats all occupied, said, in a loud tone: "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned. "You said this car wasn't going!" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

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EDDY STREET, WEST OF FILLMORE,

Miscellany.

The Illinois Associated Sons of Vermont.

The third annual banquet of the Illinois Associated Sons of Vermont was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the evening of the 16th of January. There were nearly 500 people present, representatives of the better classes of the city and country, not only in Illinois, but in other states.

Dr. Boardman, the honored professor and president of the Chicago theological seminary, and now the president of the Associated Sons of Vermont, presided.

Dr. Buckham, president of the Vermont University, responded to the first regular toast, "Vermont, our old home, God bless her," uniting the genial and grave, the humorous and instructive, in a most admirable manner. We break into the middle of his speech: "It has struck me within a few days how you must miss some of the old things. Since I left Vermont I have not seen a hill steep enough for a boy's sled to slide down, and I never realized before how much of a gap there is in the mental condition of a person who has been used to mountains when the mountains all fade down below the horizon. These green flowers that you have so kindly given us here to-night are very sweet and fragrant, but I should like to call up in the memories of the Vermonters odors from their youth—the odors of the fields and of the wood—the odor which the warm air brings out of the pine, and the cedar and the fern. But when you think of Vermont, I want you to think, as you doubtless do, not only of the hills, and the brooks, and of the woods, but of the homes and firesides, of the schools and churches. You remember Tom Moore's pretty little song, in which the maiden, thinking regretfully of her native land, wonders,

"Are the nightingales singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright on the calm Bende-meer?"

And so I doubt not when you think of Vermont you wonder: Are the homes still poor and happy? Are the schools flourishing? Are the churches maintained? For you have doubtless heard the prophets of evil who have told you, and still tell you, that the native population of Vermont is dying out, that the little school-houses are deserted, that the little churches are going to decay, and that it won't be long before the little remnant of Vermonters left will be wailing, like the Shah of Persia, "Shall barbarians have these fair fields of ours?" Now, brethren and friends, in order to know how many genuine, true-hearted Vermonters there are left in the old state, there must come some great crisis which will call for the earnest sacrifice of good men and good women. At the outbreak of the war, when George P. Marsh, reaching the very climax of his enthusiasm, said Vermont must raise five regiments, we thought that, for once, our cool, clear-headed, representative man had lost his head. The idea of Vermont raising five regiments—five thousand men—seemed a piece of extravagance. Well, we raised twenty regiments, and, if the worst had come to the worst, we could have raised twenty more. And so I say to-day, if you want to find out how many true-hearted men there are, don't send the census-taker, for he cannot find them, but let there come some danger from violence, domestic or foreign, and I tell you Vermonters will start up from places where it is now supposed there are no Vermonters, like Roderick Dhu's men did on the side of the mountain. Sometimes, you know, in order to get at the manhood there is in a country, you have to weigh as well as to count. I take it that Vermont counts more than two in the Senate of the United States. The reason why Vermont can furnish any number of men that the occasion requires, however great the occasion is, is because Vermont keeps the institutions, the habits, the ideas, the principles, which make men and women great and keep them so. Up in Vermont they have a pure and simple democratic constitution. Up in Vermont they fear God. Up in Vermont they keep fifty-two Sundays every year, and in some very good years they keep fifty-three. And you know what the Vermont Sunday was. It was not the Connecticut blue-law Sunday; it was not the Parisian Sunday, and, thank God, it never will be. They believe up in Vermont in the plain, old-fashioned homely virtues, and I hope that you do in Chicago.

"When it was known that I was coming to Chicago, a great many people said to me: 'You just give our love to our boys and girls in Chicago.' That is what I have come for—to bring the love of genuine Vermonters to unspoiled Vermonters in Chicago. But they will ask me a great many questions when I get back. They will want to know 'what our boys and girls out there mainly set their hearts on? We know that they are very smart out there. We know that they have miles and miles of palatial residences and stores; but what have they set their hearts on? Or, as it was put once in the old time, if that which is represented by these magnificent hotels and offices stands for thirteen, while that which is represented by the little schools in Vermont, and the little missionary churches, and the quiet, humble homes and firesides—if all these stand for only twelve, then you are not true Vermonters. But I hope and expect when I go back to be able to say that I found our boys and girls out here just as simple-minded, and just as true-hearted in all their splendor and the grandeur of their achievements, as they were in the old days when they drove the cows to the pasture, whistling as they went, and when the young heart that beat under the smock-frock didn't even dream of the splendors that are your daily fare here now. I want to carry back something from Chicago. You never heard of a college president that went anywhere that he didn't want to carry something back

with him. But perhaps I was not thinking of the same thing that you were at that time. I would like to carry back a little of your energy and enthusiasm, a little of your push, to the old state. I should like, I think, to carry back something that would increase the pulses of Vermonters about five in a minute. I don't think it would hurt them any. I hope that all you owe her for her history, and for her training of you, you will pay back in your affection and devotion to her interests. Mr. Chairman, I will close with the sentiment with which you introduced me. 'The old state of Vermont, God bless her'; may

"The love of all her sons encompass her,"
"The love of all her daughters cherish her."

These most enjoyable and instructive exercises were brought to a close in true Vermont style—by the Vermont Glee Club leading in the singing of the Doxology, and the benediction by Rev. W. C. Hopkins of Champaign, Illinois.—[Vermont Chronicle.]

The Hacked Chair.

During the dark days of the American Revolution, the citizens of South Carolina were much divided on the question of separation from the mother-country. Those who aided or sympathized with the British army, then invading the States, were called Tories. Many of these formed into small bands, and plundered and murdered defenseless citizens.

Among the families that were visited by those Tories was that of Robert Gaston, of Chester District. Robert had come from Ireland in his youth, and had received the careful religious training common in the Presbyterian Church of Ireland in the early years of the last century. He was now too old for war, but his sons were away in the Colonial army.

This latter fact made him and his family the objects of hatred to the Tories, who came and plundered his premises at their leisure, and sought to capture him, to compel him to take an oath of allegiance to King George III. But Robert kept out of the Tories' way by secreting himself when they were known to be in the neighborhood. In the meantime he kept up family worship in his house as regularly as possible. One morning, while engaged in this duty, one of his daughters saw a squad of Tories coming through the gate into the door-yard, and at once urged her father to flee and hide himself.

But he answered: "No; I am in the Lord's service, and He will take care of me." Soon the door was thrown open, and the Tories rushed in upon the defenseless family, consisting of himself, his aged wife, and three daughters. Of earthly help they had none; no carnal weapons, and no human arm to wield them.

Seeing Robert sitting in his high-backed chair, the leader of the squad drew his sword and struck at him, as though intending to cleave his gray head. But the stroke fell on the back of the chair, cutting a deep gash in it near to his ear. The Tory then began to curse, and to taunt Robert as his prisoner, and boasted that he would now "take him and lay him in Camden jail."

Robert meekly answered, "I suppose you will if ye ha' permission."

With dreadful imprecation, the Tory declared, "I'll show you I have permission."

Robert answered firmly: "I suppose you ha' permission from King George, but he is only an earthly prince; unless you ha' permission from the King of heaven, I defy you all to take me." Whether the cool courage of the gray-haired old man commanded the Tories' respect, or the sight of him with the family Bible on his knee, and manifesting a calm, unshaken faith in the protecting care of God, overcame them, will never now be known; but the Tories sat down, and after talking quietly, as if they had been neighbors, they went away without disturbing anything, and left the family to conclude their devotions in peace.

It is now about one hundred years since this event occurred. Robert Gaston's work was finished, and he went to his rest many years ago, but his worthy example still lives.

The above incident was related by his daughters, who were present when the occurrence took place, and has been related to their children's children to illustrate the precept, "Trust in God and do your duty." It is one of the thousands of instances which manifest the faithfulness and mercy of God to those who "commit the keeping of their soul to Him in well-doing."

"The hacked chair" was long preserved as a relic of the War of Independence, and we trust that it reminded many who saw it that "God will take care of those in His service."—[Lutheran.]

Woman in Mohammedan Lands.

I have spoken of the degradation of woman. You have no conception of it in this country. Woman is trodden under foot. A man is regarded childless if he has only daughters. It is not lawful to mention the name of woman in Mohammedan society without begging pardon of those who are present for mentioning so vile a subject. A man has to use the masculine gender in speaking of a woman. In writing to a woman he will never put a feminine name on the outside of an envelope. I knew a man who had half a dozen daughters. I asked him how many children he had. He was displeased at me and said he had no child. "Whose girls are those?" I inquired. He replied, "They are nothing but girls; we don't count girls anything." They don't count women or girls. It is far different what religion does for women. Prof. Bosworth Smith of Oxford has written a book "On Mohammed and Mohammedanism"—a laudation of Islam. He would even place it above Christianity in its ethical fruit. I would like to ask

him to take his wife and daughters, if he has any, and go to the city of Damascus, put them into a Mohammedan harem and divest himself and them, if possible, of all that he ever derived from the Bible and Christianity; let them live as the Moslems live; let him scourge his wife and daughters and treat them as brutes, as the Moslems do, and after ten years of that experience write a new edition of his book on Mohammedanism.—[H. H. Jessup, D. D.]

Pastor and People.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN P. GULLIVER D.D., ANDOVER.

II. The Pecuniary Relation between Churches and Pastors.

An eminent lawyer, himself the descendant of a long line of ministers, who has had charge of more litigated ecclesiastical cases than perhaps any lawyer in the land, recently said, "I know of no contract which so much needs the handling of a thorough lawyer as the contract between a pastor and his people." The actual experience of ministers, if it could be collected and given to the world, as it ought to be, would not only startle but appall our Christian laity. We will not attempt to estimate the proportion of our pastorates which are enfeebled, embittered, and broken up, by transactions on the part of congregations, or their representatives, which would destroy the reputation of a broker on Wall street. Any attempt to make such an estimate with no larger or more accurate induction than that we now possess, would probably strike wide of a correct conclusion. But the error would be much more likely to be made in the direction of an under-estimate than of an over-estimate of this evil.

This style of wrong done to our pastors is no doubt more common in the country than in the city. It is much worse in new communities, whose traditions are all drawn from a class of money making settlers, than in older places, whose history strikes its roots into the principles and customs of a God-fearing ancestry. In a general way, we may say that it is much more common among a non-commercial people, than among congregations controlled by men who are accustomed to pay their notes and to fulfill their contracts.

Yet, unconsciously, or at least carelessly, even metropolitan churches, through some trickiness of a leader, and a low sense of honor in a board of trustees, become involved in proceedings which are fairly shameful. Many a grand preacher, many a nobleman in the kingdom of God, has been compelled to endure the slow gnawing of those

"bitter, burning wrongs
Deep in his heart's hot cell shut up."

The loss of his just dues is a very serious matter to any minister, for, as a class, ministers have larger necessities and smaller resources than any other class. But the wound inflicted upon the sense of right, the laceration of the heart's tenderest affections, the loss of confidence in men and especially in Christian men, is most paralyzing. The destruction of power—rare power, such as God gives to few human beings; the choicest, sublimest power which man ever wields—is enormous.

The writer was once conversing on this subject with the pastor of a metropolitan church, a man of national reputation, eminent and beloved, as few men in this country have ever been. The remark was made to him: "Such experience must seem almost incredible to you, in such a church, and surrounded by such men." His face flushed and his voice trembled, as he replied, "I know too much of this very thing," and went on to give a series of his own experience which were amazing. It subsequently appeared that on that very day he had paid from his own pocket a very considerable bill for the supply of his pulpit the Sabbath previous, while he was absent at the earnest request of his Session, in the performance of a most arduous and disagreeable public duty. Yet this was only a small matter, which he did not think worth mentioning.

Now, let any thoughtful person put these two facts together: the loss of dignity described in our last article—the degradation from the position of an officer to that of a menial, and these pecuniary wrongs, which take from the most conscientious and honorable men on earth the assurance that they can keep their promises and pay their debts. Let him not only put these facts together, but put himself between them, and fancy himself being ground as between an upper and nether millstone. If his imagination be vivid and his candor incorruptible, he will begin to understand how it is, that while the ranks of the ministry are crowded with men who, to use the commercial phrase, will grade "from fair to middling," the number of gifted men is very small, and is constantly growing less.

Hardship, self-denial, poverty, toil—all combined—will never deplete the ministry of good and great men. They will only drive away the selfish and incompetent. But when you require the sacrifice of a manly self-respect, and cut down the pecuniary means of success, demanding your bricks without straw, then you drive from your pulpits the men whom your pulpits most need.

The woman who does fancy work very often doesn't fancy work.

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